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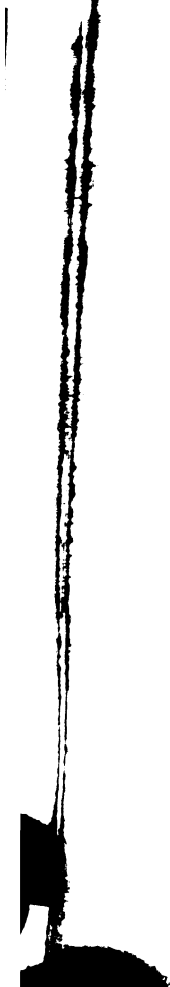
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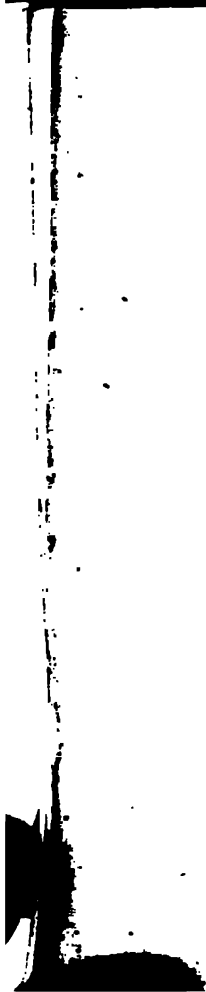








BOTANIC GARDEN.



BEAUTIES
OF THE
BOTANIC GARDEN.

WRITTEN BY DR. DARWIN.



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BEAUTIES
OF THE
BOTANIC GARDEN.

GENIUS OF THE GROVES.

STAY *your rude steps !* whose throbbing breasts
infold

The legion-fiends of glory, or of gold !

Stay ! whose false lips seductive simpers part,

While cunning nestles in the harlot-heart !

For you no dryads dress the roseate bower,

For you no nymphs their sparkling vases pour ;

Unmarkt by you, light graces swim the green,

And hovering cupids aim their shafts unsecn.

But THOU ! whose mind the well-temper'd ray
Of taste and virtue lights with purer day ;

Whose finer sense each soft vibration own
With sweet responsive sympathy of tones;
So the fair flower expands its lucid form
To meet the sun, and shuts it to the storm;
For thee my borders nurse the fragrant wreath
My fountains murmur, and my zephyrs breathe
Slow slides the painted snail, the gilded fly
Smooths his fine down, to charm thy curious
On twinkling fins my pearly nations play,
Or win with sinuous train their trackless way
My plumed pairs, in gay embroidery drest,
Form, with ingenious bill, the pensile nest;
To love's sweet notes attune the listening del
And echo sounds her soft symphonious shell.
And, if with thee some hapless maid should stray
Disasterous love companion of her way,
Oh, lead her timid steps to yonder glade,
Whose arching cliffs depending alders shade
There, as meek evening wakes her temperate
And moon-beams glimmer through the trem
trees,
The rills, that gurgle round, shall sooth her
The weeping rocks shall number tear for tear

There, as sad Philomel, alike forlorn,
Sings to the night from her accustomed thorn ;
While at sweet intervals each falling note
Sighs in the gale, and whispers round the grot ;
The sister-woe shall calm her aching breast,
And softer slumbers steal her cares to rest.—
Winds of the north ! restrain your icy gales,
Nor chill the bosom of these happy vales !
Hence in dark heaps, ye gathering clouds, revolve !
Disperse, ye lightnings ! and, ye mists, dissolve !
—Hither, emerging from yon orient skies,
BOTANIC GODDESS ! bend thy radiant eyes ;
O'er these soft scenes assume thy gentle reign,
Pomona, Ceres, Flora in thy train ;
O'er the still dawn thy placid smile effuse,
And with thy silver sandals print the dews ;
In noon's bright blaze thy vermil vest unfold,
And wave thy emerald banner starr'd with gold.
Thus spoke the GENIUS, as he stept along,
And bade these lawns to peace and truth belong ;
Down the steep slopes he led, with modest skill,
The willing pathway, and the truant rill,
Stretcht o'er the marshy vale yon willowy mound,
Where shines the lake amid the tufted ground,



8

BOTANIC GARDEN.

Raised the young woodland, smoothed &
green,
And gave to beauty all the quiet scene.—



DESCENT OF THE BOTANIC GODDESS.

SHE comes!—the GODDESS!—through the whispering air,
Bright as the morn, descends her blushing car ;
Each circling wheel a wreath of flowers intertwines,
And gem'd with flowers the silken harness shines ;
The golden bits with flowery studs are deckt,
And knots of flowers the crimson reins connect.—
And now on earth the silver axle rings,
And the shell sinks upon its slender springs ;
Light from her airy seat the goddess bounds,
And steps celestial press the pangsied grounds.
Fair spring advancing calls her feathered quire,
And tunes to softer notes her laughing lyre ;
Bids her gay hours on purple pinions move,
And arms her zephyrs with the shafts of love.



CREATION.

—*LET there be light!* proclaim'd

LORD,

Astonisht chaos heard the potent word
Through all his realms the kindling
And the mass starts into a million suns
Earths round each sun with quick expanse
And second planets issue from the fire
Bend, as they journey with projectile
In bright ellipses their reluctant course
Orbs wheel in orbs, round centers common
And form self ballanced, one revolving round
—Onward they move amid their bright
Space without bound, *the bosom of the*

BOTANIC GARDEN.

FIRE NYMPHS EMPLOY.

*ETHEREAL powers ! you chase the shooting stars,
Or yoke the vollied lightnings to your cars,
Cling round the aërial bow with prisms bright,
And, pleased, untwist the sevenfold threads of light ;
Eve's silken couch with gorgeous tints adorn,
And fire the arrowy throne of rising morn.
—Or, plumed with flame, in gay battalions spring,
To brighter regions borne on broader wing ;
Where lighter gases, circumfused on high,
Form the vast concave of exterior sky :
With airy lens the scatter'd rays assault,
And bend the twilight round the dusky vault ;
Ride, with broad eye and scintillating hair,
The rapid fire-ball through the midnight air ;
Dart from the north on pale electric streams,
Fringing night's sable robe with transient beams.*

MEMNON'S STATUE.

So to the sacred sun in MEMNON'S fane,
Spontaneous concords quired the matin strain
—Touht by his orient beam, responsive ring
The living lyre, and vibrates all its strings ;
Accordant ailes the tender tones prolong,
And holy echoes swell the adoring song.

**GUN POWDER.**

You taught mysterious **BACON** to explore
Metallic veins, and part the dross from ore ;
With sylvan coal in whirling mills combine
The crystal'd nitre, and the sulphurous mine ;
Through wiry nets the black diffusion strain,
And close an airy ocean in a grain.—
Pent in dark chambers of cylindric brass,
Slumbers in grim repose the sooty mass ;
Lit by the brilliant spark, from grain to grain
Runs the quick fire along the kindling train ;
On the pain'd car-drum bursts the sudden crash,
Starts the red flame, and death pursues the flash.—
Fear's feeble hand directs the fiery darts,
And strength and courage yield to chymic arts ;
Guilt with pale brow the mimic thunder owns,
And tyrants tremble on their blood-stain'd thrones.

FRANKLIN DISARMS THE TEMPEST.

You led your FRANKLIN to your glazed retreat
Your air-built castles, and your silken seats ;
Bade his bold arm invade the lowering sky,
And seize the tip-toe lightnings ere they fly ;
O'er the young sage your mystic mantle spread
And wreath'd the crown electric round his head
Thus, when on wanton wing intrepid *Love*
Snatcht the raised lightning from the arm of Jove
Quick o'er his knee the triple bolt he bent,
The cluster'd darts and forky arrows rent,
Snapt with illumined hands each flaming shaft,
His tingling fingers shook, and stamp'd, and laugh'd
Bright o'er the floor the scatter'd fragments blaz'd
And gods, retreating, trembled as they gaz'd ;
The immortal sire, indulgent to his child,
Bow'd his ambrosial locks, and heaven, relenting,
smiled.

LABORS OF HERCULES.

So mighty HERCULES o'er many a clime

Waved his vast mace in virtue's cause sublime,
Unmeasured strength with early art combined,
Awed, served, protected, and amazed mankind—.

First two dread snakes, at JUNO's vengeful nod,
Climb'd round the cradle of the sleeping god ;
Waked by the shrilling hiss and rustling sound,
And shrieks of fair attendants trembling round,
Their gasping throats with cleaving hands he holds,

And death untwists their convoluted folds.

Next in red torrents from her sevenfold heads
Fell HYDRA's blood on Lerna's lake he sheds ;

Grasps ACHELOUS with resistless force,

And drags the roaring river to his course ;

Binds with loud bellowing and with hideous yell,
The monster bull, and threefold dog of hell.

Then where Nemæa's howling forests wave,

He drives the lion to his dusky cave ;

Seized by the throat, the growling fiend disarms,
And tears his gaping jaws with sinewy arms ;
Lifts proud ANTÆUS from his mother-plains,
And with strong grasp the struggling giant strains ;
Back falls his fainting head, and clammy hair,
Writhe his weak limbs, and flits his life in air ;—
By steps reverted, o'er the blood-dropt fen
He tracks huge CAUCUS to his murderous den ;
Where breathing flames through brazen lips he fled,
And shakes the rock-rooft cavern o'er his head.
Last with wide arms the solid earth he tears,
Piles rock on rock, on mountain mountain rears ;
Heaves up huge *Abyla* on Afric's sand,
Crowns with high *Calpe* Europe's salient strand ;
Crests with opposing towers the splendid scene,
And pours from urns immense the sea between.—
—Loud o'er her whirling flood Charibdis roars,
Affrighted Scylla bellows round his shores ;
Vesuvio groans through all his echoing caves,
And Etna thunders o'er the insurgent waves.

ELECTRICITY.

*NYMPHS ! your fine hands ethereal floods amass
From the warm cushion, and the whirling glass ;
Beard the bright cylinder with golden wire,
And circumfuse the gravitating fire.
Cold from each point cerulean lustres gleam,
Or shoot in air the scintillating stream.
So, borne on brazen talons, watcht of old
The sleepless dragon o'er his fruits of gold ;
Bright beam'd his scales, his eye-balls blazed with
ire,
And his wide nostrils breathed enchanted fire.
You bid gold leaves, in crystal lanterns held,
Approach attracted, and recede repell'd ;
While paper-nymphs instinct with motion rise,
And dancing fauns the admiring sage surprize.
; if on wax some fearless beauty stand,
And touch the sparkling rod with graceful hand ;*

Through her fine limbs the mimic lightnings da
And flames innocuous eddy round her heart ;
O'er her fair brow the kindling lustres glare,
Blue rays diverging from the bristling hair ;
While some fond youth the kiss ethereal sips,
And soft fires issue from their meeting lips.
So round the virgin saint in silver streams
The holy halo shoots its arrowy beams.
You croud in coated jars the denser fire,
Pierce the thin glass ; and fuse the blazing wire ;
Or dart the red flash through the circling band
Of youths and timorous damsels, hand in hand.
—Starts the quick ether through the fibre-trains
Of dancing arteries, and of tingling veins,
Goads each fine nerve, with new sensation thrill
Bends the reluctant limbs with power unwill'd ;
Palsey's cold hands the fierce concussion own,
And life clings trembling on her tottering throne.
So from dark clouds the playful lightning springs
Rives the firm oak, or prints the fairy-rings.

WOUNDED WHALE.

So when enormous GRAMPUS, issuing forth
From the pale regions of the icy north,
Waves his broad tail, and opes his ribbed mouth,
And seeks on winnowing fin the breezy south ;
From towns deserted rush the breathless hosts,
Swarm round the hills, and darken all the coasts ;
Boats follow boats along the shouting tides,
And spears and javelins pierce his blubbery sides ;
Now the bold sailor, raised on pointed toe,
Whirls the wing'd harpoon on the slimy foe ;
Quick sinks the monster in his oozy bed,
The blood stain'd surges circling o'er his head,
Steers to the frozen pole his wonted track,
And bears the iron tempest on his back.

JUPITER AND SEMELE.

WITH crest of gold should sultry SYRIUS glare,
And with his kindling tresses scorch the air ;
With points of flame the shafts of summer arm,
And burn the beauties he designs to warm :—
So erst when LOVE his oath extorted mourn'd,
And, clad in glory, to the fair return'd ;
While loves at forked bolts their torches light,
And resting lightnings gild the car of night ;
His blazing form the dazzled maid admired,
Met with fond lips, and in his arms expired.

PROPHET ELIJAH.

THUS when ELIJAH mark'd from Carmel's brow
In bright expanse the briny flood below ;
Roll'd his red eyes amid the scorching air,
Smote his firm breast, and breathed his ardent prayer ;
High in the midst a massy altar stood,
And slaughter'd offerings prest the piles of wood ;
While ISRAEL's chiefs the sacred hill surround,
And famisht armies croud the dusty ground ;
While proud idolatry was leagued with dearth,
And wither'd famine swept the desart earth.—
“ *Oh, mighty LORD ! thy woe-worn servant hear,*
“ *Who calls thy name in agony of prayer ;*
“ *Thy fanes dishonor'd and thy prophets slain,*
“ *Lo ! I alone survive of all thy train !—*
“ *Oh send from heaven thy sacred fire—and pour,*
“ *O'er the parcht land the salutary shower,—*
“ *So shall thy priest thy erring flock recal,—*
“ *And speak in thunder, Thou art LORD of all.”*



He cried, and kneeling on the mountain-sands,
Stretcht high in air his supplicating hands.
—Descending flames the dusky shrine illumine ;
Fire the wet wood, the sacred bull consume ;
Wing'd from the sea the gathering mists arise,
And floating waters darken all the skies ;
The king, with shifted reins, his chariot bends,
And wide o'er earth the airy flood descends ;
With mingling cries dispersing hosts applaud,
And shouting nations own THE LIVING GOD.



BIRTH OF VENUS:

So young DIONE, nurs'd beneath the waves,
And rockt by nereids in their coral caves,
Charm'd the blue sisterhood with playful wiles,
Lispt her sweet tones, and tried her tender smiles.
Then, on her beryl throne, by triton's borne,
Bright rose the goddess like the star of morn ;
When with soft fires the milky dawn he leads,
And wakes to life and love the laughing meads ;—
With rosy fingers, as uncurl'd they hung
Round her fair brow, her golden locks she wrung ;
O'er the smooth surge on silver sandals stood,
And look'd enchantment on the dazzled flood.—
The bright drops rolling from her lifted arms,
In slow meanders wander o'er her charms,
Seek round her snowy neck their lucid track,
Pearl her white shoulders, gem her ivory back,
Round her fine waist and swelling bosom swim,
And star with glittering brine each crystal limb.—
The immortal form enamored nature hailed,
And beauty blazed to heaven and earth, unveiled

When from its vaporous air, condens'd by cold,
Descending torrents into oceans roll'd ;
And fierce attraction, with relentless force,
Bent the reluctant wanderer to its course.
You trod, with printless step, earth's tender globe,
While ocean wrapt it in his azure robe.
Beneath his waves her hardening strata spread,
Raised her *primeval islands* from his bed,
Stretcht her wide lawns, and sunk her winding dells,
And deckt her shores with corals, pearls and shells.
O'er those blest isles no ice-crown'd mountain
tower'd,
No lightnings darted, and no tempests lower'd ;
Soft fell the vesper-drops, condens'd below,
Or bent in air the rain refracted bow ;
Sweet breathed the zephyrs, just perceived and lost,
And brineless billows only kist the coast ;
Round the bright zodiac danced the vernal hours,
And peace, the cherub, dwelt in mortal bowers.

SALT MINES.

Thus, cavern'd round in CRACOW's mighty
mines,*

With crystal walls a gorgeous city shines;
Scoop in the briny rock long streets extend
Their hoary course, and glittering domes ascend;
Down the bright steeps, emerging into day,
Impetuous fountains burst their headlong way,

* There is a town in the immense salt-mines of Cracow, in Poland, with a market-place, a river, a church, and a famous statue, (there supposed to be of Lot's wife) by the moist or dry appearance of which the subterranean inhabitants are said to know when the weather is fair above ground. The galleries in these mines are so numerous and so intricate, that workmen have frequently lost their way, their lights having been burnt out, and have perished before they could be found. *Essais, &c.* par M. Macquart.

O'er milk-white vales in ivory channels spread,
And wandering, seek their subterraneous bed.
Form'd in pellucid salt, with chissel nice,
The pale lamp glimmering through the sculptured
ice,
With wild reverted eyes fair LOTTA stands,
And spreads to heaven, in vain, her glassy hands ;
Cold dews condense upon her pearly breast,
And the big tear rolls lucid down her vest.
Far gleaming o'er the town transparent fanes
Rear their white towers, and wave their golden
vanes ;
Long lines of lustres pour their trembling rays,
And the bright vault returns the mingled blaze.

MARS AND VENUS:

So beauty's goddess, warm with new desire,
Left on her silver wheels, the god of fire ;
Her faithful charms to fiercer MARS resigned,
Met with fond lips, with wanton arms entwined.
—Indignant VULCAN eyed the parting fair,
And watcht, with jealous step, the guilty pair ;
O'er his broad neck a wiry net he flung,
Quick as he strode, the tinkling meshes rung ;
Fine as the spider's flimsy thread he wove
The immortal toil to lime illicit love ;
Steel were the knots, and steel the twisted thong,
Ring linkt in ring, indissolubly strong ;
On viewless hooks, along the fretted roof,
He hung, unseen, the inextricable woof.—
—Quick start the springs, the webs pellucid spread,
And lock the embracing lovers on their bed ;

Fierce with loud taunts vindictive **VULCAN** springs,
Tries all the bolts, and tightens all the strings,
Shakes, with incessant shouts, the bright abodes,
Claps his rude hands, and calls the festive gods.—
—With spreading palms the alarmed goddess tries
To veil her beauties from celestial eyes,
Writhes her fair limbs, the slender ringlets strains
And bids her loves untie the obdurate chains ;
Soft swells her panting bosom, as she turns,
And her flusht cheek with brighter blushes burns.
Majestic grief the queen of heaven avows,
And chaste **MINERVA** hides her helmed brows ;
Attendant nymphs, with bashful eyes askance,
Steal of intangled **MARS** a transient glance ;
Surrounding gods the circling nectar quaff,
Gaze on the fair, and envy as they laugh.

PRECIOUS GEMS.

Hence in fine streams diffusive acids flow,
r wing'd with fire o'er earth's fair bosom blow ;
ransmute to glittering flints her chalky lands,
r sink on ocean's bed in countless sands.
ence silvery selenite her crystal moulds,
nd soft asbestos smooths his silky folds ;
is cubic forms phosphoric fluor prints,
r rays in spheres his amethystine tints.
oft cobweb clouds transparent onyx spreads,
nd playful agates weave their color'd threads ;
ay pictured mochoes glow with landscape-dies,
nd changeful opals roll their lucid eyes ;
lue lambent light arround the sapphire plays,
right rubies blush, and living diamonds blaze.

FRANKLIN.

—LED by the phosphor-light, with daring tread
Immortal FRANKLIN sought the fiery bed ;
Where, nurst in night, incumbent tempest shroud
His embryo thunders in circumfluent clouds,
Besieged with iron points their airy cell,
And pierced the monsters slumbering in the shell
So, borne on sounding pinions to the west,
When tyrant-power had built his eagle nest ;
While from his eyry shriekt the famisht brood,
Clencht their sharp claws, and champt their beaks
for blood,

Immortal FRANKLIN watcht the callow crew,
And stabb'd the struggling vampires, ere they flew
—The patriot-flame with quick contagion ran,
Hill lighted hill, and man electrized man ;
Her heroes slain, awhile Columbia mourn'd,
And, crown'd with laurels, LIBERTY return'd.

LIBERTY.

THE warrior, LIBERTY, with bending sails,
Helm'd his bold course to fair HIBERNIA's vales ;—
Firm as he steps along the shouting lands,
Lo ! truth and virtue range their radiant bands ;
Sad superstition wails her empire torn,
Art plies his oar, and commerce pours her horn.
Long had the giant-form, on GALLIA's plains,
Inglorious slept, unconscious of his chains ;
Round his large limbs were wound a thousand strings,
By the weak hands of confessors and kings ;
O'er his closed eyes a triple veil was bound,
And steely rivets lockt him to the ground ;
While stern Bastile with iron cage inthrals
His folded limbs, and hems in marble walls.
—Tougt by the patriot-flame, he rent, amazed,
The flimsey bonds, and round and round him gazed ;
Starts up from earth, above the admiring throng
Lifts his colossal form, and towers along ;

High o'er his foes his hundred arms he rears,
Plowshares his swords, and pruning-hooks his spea
Calls to the good and brave with voice, that rolls
Like heaven's own thunder round the echoing pole
Gives to the winds his banner broad unfurl'd,
And gathers in its shade the living world !



JUPITER'S AMOURS. .

THUS for attractive earth, inconstant JOVE,
Maskt in new shapes, forsook his realms above.
First her sweet eyes his eagle-form beguiles,
And HEBE feeds him with ambrosial smiles ;
Next the changed god a cygnet's down assumes,
And playful LEDA smoothes his glossy plumes ;
Then slides a silvery serpent, treacherous guest !
And fair OLYMPIA folds him in her breast;
Now lows a milk-white bull on Afric's strand,
And crops with dancing head the daisied land.—
With rosy wreathes EUROPA's hand adorns
His fringed forehead, and his pearly horns ;
Light on his back the sportive damsel bounds,
And pleased he moves along the flowery grounds ;
Bears with slow step his beauteous prize aloof,
Dips in the lucid flood his ivory hoof ;
Then wets his velvet knees, and wading laves,
His silky sides amid the dimpling waves. .

While her fond train with beckoning hands d
Strain their blue eyes, and shriek along the
Beneath her robe she draws her snowy feet,
And, half-reclining on her ermine seat,
Round his raised neck her radiant arms she t
And rests her fair cheek on his curled brows
Her yellow tresses wave on wanton gales,
And bent in air her azure mantle sails.

—Onward he moves, applauding cupids gui
And skim on shooting wing the shining tide
Emerging tritons leave their coral caves,
Sound their loud conchs, and smooth the c
waves,

Surround the timorous beauty, as she swim
And gaze enamored on her silver limbs.
Now Europe's shadowy shores, with loud ac
Hail the fair fugitive, and shout her name ;
Soft echoes warble, whispering forests nod,
And conscious nature owns the present God
Changed from the bull, the rapturous god as
Immortal youth, with glow celestial blooms
With lenient words her virgin fears disarm
And clasps the yielding beauty in his arms.

SLAVE TRADE.

HEAVENS ! on my sight what sanguine colors
blaze !

Spain's deathless shame ! the crimes of modern
days !

When avarice, shrouded in religion's robe,
Sailed to the west, and slaughtered half the globe ;
While superstition, stalking by his side,
Mockt the loud groan, and lapt the bloody tide ;
For sacred truths announced her frenzied dreams,
And turned to night the sun's meridian beams.—
Hear, oh BRITANNIA ! potent queen of isles,
On whom fair art, and meek religion smiles,
Now AFRIC's coasts thy craftier son's invade,
And theft and murder take the garb of trade !
—The *slave*, in chains, on supplicating knee,
Spreads his wide arms, and lifts his eyes to thee ;
With hunger pale, with wounds and toil opprest,
“ *Are we not brethren ?*” sorrow choaks the rest ;
—*Air* ! bear to heaven upon thy azure flood,
Their innocent cries !—*earth* ! cover not their blood !

ALPINE RIVERS.

WHERE with chill frown enormous
A thousand realms, horizoned in his
While cloudless suns meridian glorie
From skies of silver round his hoary
Tall rocks of ice refract the colored r
And frost sits throned amid the lamb
Nymphs! your thin forms pervade
piles,

His roofs of crystal, and his glassy ai
Where in cold caves imprisoned Nai
Or chain'd on mossy couches wake a
Where round dark crags indignant w
Through rifted ice, in ivory veins des
Seek through unfathom'd snows their
Heave the vast spars, the ribbed gran
Rush into day, in foamy torrents shir
And swell the imperial Danube and t

CAMBYSES' ARMY DESTROYED.

EN heaven's dread justice smites in crimes o'er-
rown,

blood-nurst tyrant on his purple throne,
mes ! your bold forms unnumbered arms out-
retch,

urge the vengeance o'er the guilty wretch.

is when CAMBYSES led his barbarous hosts
n Persia's rocks, to Egypt's trembling coasts,
led each hallow'd fane, and sacred wood,
, drunk with fury, swelled the Nile with blood;
ved his proud banner o'er the theban states,
poured destruction through her hundred gates;
read divisions marched the marshaled bands,
swarming armies blackened all the lands,
Memphis these to ETHIOP's sultry plains,
| those to HAMMON's sand-incircled fanes.—
as they pass'd, the indignant temples frown'd,
| curses muttering from the vaulted ground ;

Long ailes of cypress waved their deepen'd glooms;
And quivering spectres grinn'd amid the tombs,
Prophetic whispers breathed from SPHINX's tongue,
And MEMNON's lyre with hollow murmurs rung;
Burst from each pyramid expiring groans,
And darker shadows stretcht their lengthen'd cones.
Day after day their dreadful rout they steer,
Lust in the van, and rapine in the rear.
Gnomes! as they marcht, *you* hid the gather'd fruits,
The bladed grass, sweet grains, and mealy roots;
Scared the tired quails, that journied o'er their heads
Retain'd the locusts in their earthy beds;
Bade on your sands no night-born dew distil,
Stay'd with vindictive hands the scanty rill.—
Loud o'er the camp the fiend of famine shrieks
Calls all her brood, and champs her hundred be
O'er ten square leagues her pennons broad ex
And twilight swims upon the shuddering san
Percht on her crest the griffin discord clings,
And giant murder rides between her wings;
Blood from each clotted hair, and horny quill
And showers of tears in blended streams dir
High-poised in air her spicy neck she bend
Rolls her keen eye, her dragon-claws exte

Darts from above, and tears at each fell swoop
With iron fangs the decimated troop.
Now o'er their heads the whizzing whirlwinds
breathe,

And the live desert pants, and heaves beneath ;
Tinged by the crimson sun, vast columns rise
Of eddying sands, and war amid the skies,
In red arcades the billowy plain surround,
And whirling turrets stalk along the ground.
—Long ranks in vain their shining blades extend,
To demon-gods their knees unhallowed bend,
Wheel in wide circle, form in hollow square,
And now they front, and now they fly the war,
Pierce the deaf tempest with lamenting cries,
Prest their parcht lips, and close their blood-shot
eyes.

—Gnomes! o'er the waste you led your myriad
powers,

Climb'd on the whirls, and aim'd the flinty showers !
—Onward resistless rolls the infuriate surge,
Clouds follow clouds, and mountains mountains
urge ;

Wave over wave the driving desert swims,
Bursts o'er their heads, inhumes their strugg
limbs ;

Man mounts on man, on camels camels rush,
Hosts march o'er hosts, and nations nations crush
Wheeling in air the winged islands fall,
And one great earthy ocean covers all !—
Then ceased the storm,—*night* bow'd his *ethiop* !
To earth, and listen'd to the groans below,—
Grim horror shook,—awhile the living hill
Heaved with convulsive throes,—and all was at



DEATH OF ADONIS.

So when on Lebanon's sequester'd height
The fair ADONIS left the realms of light,
Laid his bright locks, and, fated from his birth
To change eternal, mingled with the earth ;—
With darker horror shook the conscious wood,
Groan'd the sad gales, and rivers blusht with blood ;
On cypress-boughs the loves their quivers hung,
Their arrows scatter'd, and their bows unstrung ;
And *beauty's goddess*, bending o'er his bier,
Breathed the soft sigh, and pour'd the tender tear.—
Admiring PROSERPINE through dusky glades
Led the fair phantom to elysian shades,
Clad with new form, with finer sense combined,
And lit with purer flame the ethereal mind.
—Erewhile, emerging from infernal night,
The bright assurgent rises into light,
Leaves the drear chambers of the insatiate tomb,
And shines and charms with renovated bloom.—

While wondering loves the bursting grave surround
And edge with meeting wings the yawning ground
Stretch their fair necks, and leaning o'er the brink
View the pale regions of the dead, and shrink ;
Long with broad eyes ecstatic *beauty* stands,
Heaves her white bosom, spreads her waxen hands,
Then with loud shriek the panting youth alarms,
“ My life ! my love ! ” and springs into his arms.



FAIRIES BATHING.

HITHER in sportive bands bright DEVON leads
Graces and loves from Chatsworth's flowery meads.
Charm'd round the *nymph*, they climb the rifted
rocks ;
And steep in mountain-mist their golden locks ;
On ventrous step her sparry caves explore,
And light with radiant eyes her realms of ore :
—Oft by her bubbling founts, and shadowy domes,
In gay undress the fairy legion roams,
Their dripping palms in playful malice fill,
Or taste with ruby lip the sparkling rill ;
Crowd round her baths, and, bending o'er the side,
Unclaspt their sandals, and their zones untied,
Dip with gay fear the shuddering foot undrest,
And quick retract it to the fringed vest ;
Or cleave with brandisht arms the lucid stream,
And sob, their blue eyes twinkling in the stream.

—High o'er the checker'd vault with transient glow
Bright lustres dart, as dash the waves below ;
And echo's sweet responsive voice prolongs
The dulcet tumult of their silver tongues.—
O'er their flusht cheeks uncurling tresses flow,
And dew-drops glitter on their necks of snow ;
Round each fair nymph her dropping mantle clings,
And loves emerging shake their showery wings.



JUPITER AND JUNO.

So, robed by beauty's queen, with softer charms
 SATURNIA woo'd the thunderer to her arms ;
 O'er her fair limbs a veil of light she spread,
 And bound a starry diadem on her head ;
 Long braids of pearl her golden tresses graced,
 And the charm'd cestus sparkled round her waist :
 —Raised o'er the woof, by beauty's hand inwrought,
 Breathes the soft sigh, and glows the enamored
 thought ;
 Vows on light wings succeed, and quivered wiles,
 Assuasive accents, and seductive smiles.
 —Slow rolls the cyprian car in purple pride,
 And, steered by LOVE, ascends admiring Ide ;
 Climbs the green slopes, the nodding woods per-
 vades,
 Burns round the rocks, or gleams amid the shades.
 —Glad ZEPHYR leads the van, and waves above
 The barbed darts, and blazing torch of love ;

Reverts his smiling face, and pausing flings
Soft showers of roses from aurelian wings.
Delighted fawns, in wreaths of flowers arrayed,
With tip-toe wood-boys beat the checkered glade ;
Alarmed naiads, rising into air,
Lift o'er their silver urns their leafy hair ;
Each to her oak the bashful dryads shrink,
And azure eyes are seen at every chink.
—Love culls a flaming shaft of broadest wing,
And rests the fork upon the quivering string ;
Points his arch eye aloft, with fingers strong
Draws to his curl'd ear the silken throng ;
Loud twangs the steel, the golden arrow flies,
Trails a long line of lustre through the skies ;
“Tis done !” he shouts, “the mighty monarch
feels !”
And with loud laughter shakes the silver wheels ;
Bends o'er the car, and whirling as it moves,
His loosened bowstring, drives the rising doves :
Pierced on his throne the starting thunderer turns
Melts with soft sighs, with kindling rapture burns ;
Clasps her fair hand, and eyes in fond amaze
The bright intruder with enamored gaze.

“ And leaves my goddess, like a blooming bride,
“ The fanes of Argos for the rocks of Ide ?
“ Her gorgeous palaces, and amaranth bowers,
“ For cliff-topt mountains, and aërial towers ?”
He said ; and, leading from her ivory seat
The blushing beauty to his lone retreat,
Curtain'd with night the couch imperial shrouds,
And rests the crimson cushions upon clouds.—
Earth feels the grateful influence from above,
Sighs the soft air, and ocean murmurs love ;
Ethereal warmth expands his brooding wing,
And in still showers descends the genial spring.



CIRCULATION OF THE BL

So from the heart the sanguine stream
O'er beauty's radiant shrine in vermil red
Feeds each fine nerve, each slender hair
The skin's bright snow with living purple
Each dimpling cheek with warmer blush
Laughs on the lips, and lightens in the eye
—Erewhile absorb'd, the vagrant globules
From each fair feature, and proportioned
Join'd in one trunk with deeper tint return
To the warm concave of the vital urn.

WATER NYMPHS.

Nymphs of aquatic taste ! whose placid smile
Breathes sweet enchantment o'er BRITANNIA'S isle ;
Whose sportive touch in showers resplendent flings
Her lucid cataracts, and her bubbling springs ;
Through peopled vales the liquid silver guides,
And swells in bright expanse her freighted tides.
You with nice ear, in tiptoe trains, pervade
Dim walks of morn or evening's silent shade ;
Join the lone nightingale, her woods among,
And roll your rills symphonious to her song ;
Through fount-full dells, and wave-worn valleys
move,
And tune their echoing waterfalls to love ;
Or catch, attentive to the distant roar,
The pausing murmurs of the dashing shore ;
Or, as aloud she pours her liquid strain,
Pursue the NEREID on the twilight main.

—Her playful sea-horse wooes her soft commands,
Turns his quick ears, his webbed claws expands,
His watery way with waving volutes wins,
Or listening librates on unmoving fins.
The nymph emerging mounts her scaly seat,
Hangs o'er his glossy sides her silver feet,
With snow-white hands her arching veil detains,
Gives to his slimy lips the slackened reins,
Lifts to the star of Eve her eye serene,
And chants the birth of beauty's radiant queen.
O'er her fair brow her pearly comb unfurls
Her beryl locks, and parts the waving curls,
Each tangled braid with glistening teeth unbinds,
And with the floating treasure musks the winds—
Thrilled by the dulcet accents, as she sings,
The rippling wave in widening circles rings;
Night's shadowy forms along the margin gleam
With pointed ears, or dance upon the stream;
The moon transported stays her bright career,
And maddening stars shoot headlong from the
sphere.

MILCENA'S TOMB.

Nymphs ! whose fair eyes with vivid lustres glow
For human weal, and melt at human woe ;
Late as *you* floated on your silver shells,
Sorrowing and slow by DERWENT's willowy dells ;
Where by tall groves his foamy flood he steers
Through pondrous arches o'er impetuous wears,
By DERBY's shadowy towers reflective sweeps,
And gothic grandeur chills his dusky deeps ;
You pearl'd with pity's drops his velvet sides,
Sigh'd in his gales, and murmur'd in his tides,
Waved o'er his fringed brink a deeper gloom,
And bow'd his alders o'er MILCENA's tomb.
Oft with sweet voice she led her infant-train,
Printing with graceful step his spangled plain,
Explored his twinkling swarms, that swim or fly,
And markt his florets with botanic eye.—
“ Sweet bud of spring ! how frail thy transient bloom,
“ Fine film,” she cried, “ of nature's fairest bloom !

“ Soon beauty fades upon its damask throne !—
—Unconscious of the worm, that mined her own !
—Pale are those lips, where soft caresses hung,
Wan the warm cheek, and mute the tender tongue,
Cold rests that feeling heart on DERWENT’S shore,
And those love-lighted eye-balls roll no more !
Here her sad consort, stealing through the gloom
Of murmuring cloysters, gazes on her tomb ;
Hangs in mute anguish o’er the scutcheon’d hearse,
Or graves with trembling style the votive verse.

“ Sexton ! oh, lay beneath this sacred shrine,
“ When time’s cold hand shall close my aching
eyes,
“ Oh, gently lay this wearied earth of mine,
“ Where wrapt in night my loved MILCENA lies.

“ So shall with purer joy my spirit move
“ When the last trumpet thrills the caves of death,
“ Catch the first whispers of my waking love,
“ And drink with holy kiss her kindling breath.

“ The spotless fair, with blush ethereal warm,
“ Shall hail with sweeter smile returning day,
“ Rise from her marble bed a brighter form,
“ And win on buoyant step her airy way.

ll bend approved, where beckoning hosts invite,
On clouds of silver, her adoring knee,
Proach with seraphim the throne of light,
—And *beauty* plead with angel-tongue for me!”



DREADFUL EFFECTS OF FIRE.

FROM dome to dome when flames infuriate climb,
Sweep the long street, invest the tower sublime ;
Gild the tall vases amid the astonisht night,
And reddening heaven returns the sanguine light ;
While with vast strides and bristling hair aloof
Pale danger glides along the falling roof ;
And giant terror, howling in amaze,
Moves his dark limbs across the lurid blaze.
Nymphs ! you first taught the gelid wave to rise.
Hurl'd in resplendent arches to the skies ;
In iron cells condens't the airy spring,
And impt the torrent with unfailing wing ;
—On the fierce flames the shower impetuous falls,
And sudden darkness shrouds the shattered walls ;
Steam, smoke, and dust, in blended volumes roll,
And night and silence repossess the pole.—
Where were ye, *nymphs !* in those disasterous hours
Which wrapt in flames AUGUSTA'S sinking towers.



Why did ye linger in your wells and groves,
When sad WOODMASON mourn'd her infant loves ?
When thy fair daughters with unheeded screams,
Cried MOLESWORTH ! call'd the loitering streams !
The trembling nymph, on bloodless fingers hung,
Falls from the tottering wall the distant throng,
With ceaseless shrieks her sleeping friends alarms,
Throws with singed hair into her lover's arms.—
The illumined mother seeks with footsteps fleet,
Where hangs the safe balcony o'er the street ;
Caught in her sheet her youngest hope suspends,
And panting lowers it to her tiptoe friends ;
When she hurries on affection's wings,
And now a third, and now a fourth she brings ;
To all her babes, she smooths her horrent brow,
And bursts through bickering flames, unscorcht,
Below.

By her son arraigned, with feet unshod,
On burning bars indignant Emma trod.
On the day when youth with beauty wed,
The flames surprised them in their nuptial bed ;—
And at the opening sash with bosom bare,
With ringing hands, and dark disheveled hair,

The blushing bride, with wild disordered charms,
Round her fond lover winds her ivory arms ;
Beat, as they clasp, their throbbing hearts with fear,
And many a kiss is mixt with many a tear ;—
Ah me ! in vain the laboring engines pour
Round their pale limbs the ineffectual shower !—
Then crasht the floor, while shrinking crouds retire,
And love and virtue sunk amid the fire !—
With piercing screams afflicted strangers mourn,
And their white ashes mingle in their urn.





MATERNAL LOVE.

So when the mother, bending o'er his charms,
Clasps her fair nurseling in delighted arms ;
Throws the thin kerchief from her neck of snow,
And half unveils the pearly orbs below ;
With sparkling eye the blameless plunderer owns
Her soft embraces, and endearing tones,
Seeks the salubrious fount with opening lips,
Spreads his inquiring hands, and smiles, and sips.
Connubial fair ! whom no fond transport warms
To lull your infant in maternal arms ;
Who, blest in vain with tumid bosoms, hear
His tender wailings with unfeeling ear ;
The soothing kiss and milky rill deny,
To the sweet pouting lip, and glistening eye !—
Ah ! what avails the cradle's damask roof,
'The eider bolster, and embroidered woof !—
Oft hears the gilded couch unpitied plains,
And many a tear the tassel'd cushion stains !

No voice so sweet attunes his cares to rest,
So soft no pillow as his mother's breast !—
Thus charm'd to sweet repose, when twilight hours
Shed their soft influence on celestial bowers,
The cherub, innocence, with smile divine
Shuts his white wings, and sleeps on beauty's shrine.



HERCULES AND ACHELOUS.

Thus when young Hercules, with firm disdain,
Braved the soft smiles of pleasure's harlot train ;
To valiant toils his forceful limbs assigned,
And gave to virtue all his mighty mind ;
Fierce ACHELOUS rusht from mountain-caves,
O'er sad Etolia pour'd his wasteful waves
O'er lowing vales and bleating pastures rolled,
Swept her red vineyards, and her glebes of gold,
Mined all her towns, uptore her rooted woods,
And famine danced upon the shining floods.
The youthful hero seized his curled crest,
And dasht with lifted club the watery pest ;
With waving arm the billowy tumult quelled,
And to his course the bellowing fiend repelled
Then to a snake the finny demon turn'd,
His lengthened form with scales of silver burn'd ;
Lasht with resistless sweep his dragon-train,
And shot meandering o'er the affrighted plain.

The hero-god, with giant fingers claspt
Firm round his neck, the hissing monster graspt ;
With starting eyes, wide throat, and gaping teeth,
Curl his redundant folds, and writhe in death.
And now a bull, amid the flying throng
The grisly demon foam'd, and roar'd along ;
With silver hoofs the flowery meadows spurn'd,
Rolled his red eye, his threatening antlers turn'd ;
Dragged down to earth the warrior's victor-hands,
Prest his deep dewlap on the imprinted sands ;
Then with quick bound his bended knee he fixt
High on his neck, the branching horns betwixt,
Strain'd his strong arms, his sinewy shoulders bent,
And from his curl'd brow the twisted terror rent.
—Pleased fawns and nymphs with dancing step ap-
plaud,
And hang their chaplets round the resting god ;
Link their soft hands, and rear, with pausing toil,
The golden trophy on the furrowed soil ;
Fill with ripe fruits, with wreathed flowers adorn
And give to *plenty* her prolific horn.

CARAVANS IN THE DESART.

Thus when to kneel in Mecca's awful gloom,
Or press with pious kiss MEDINA's tomb,
League after league, through many a lingering day,
Steer the swart caravans their sultry way ;
O'er sandy wastes on gasping camels toil,
Or print with pilgrim-steps the burning soil ;
If from lone rocks a sparkling rill descend,
O'er the green brink the kneeling nations bend,
Bathe the parcht lip, and cool the feverish tongue,
And the clear lake reflects the mingled throng.



BOTANIC GARDEN.

SKAITING.

So when the north congeals his watery mass,
Piles high his snows, and floors his seas with glass ;
While many a month, unknown to warmer rays,
Marks its slow chronicle by lunar days ;
Stout youths and ruddy damsels, sportive train,
Leave the white soil, and rush upon the main ;
From isle to isle the moon-bright squadrons stray
And win in easy curves their graceful way ;
On step alternate borne, with balance nice,
Hang o'er the gliding steel, and hiss along the i

SYLPHS PURIFYING THE AIR.

SYLPHS! your bold myriads on the withering heath
Stay the fell SYROC's suffocating breath ;
Arrest SIMOOM in his realms of sand,
The poisoned javelin balanced in his hand ;—
Fierce on blue streams he rides the tainted air,
Points his keen eye, and waves his whistling hair ;
While, as he turns, the undulating soil
Rolls in red waves, and billowy deserts boil.
You seize TORNADO by his locks of mist,
Burst his dense clouds, his wheeling spires untwist ;
Wide o'er the west, when borne on headlong gales,
Dark as meridian night, the monster sails,
Howls high in air, and shakes his curled brow,
Lashing with serpent train the waves below,
Whirls his black arm, the forked lightning flings,
And showers a deluge from his demon wings.
Sylphs ! with light shafts *you* pierce the drowsy fog,
That lingering slumbers on the sedge-wave bog,

With webbed feet o'er midnight meadows creeps,
Or flings his hairy limbs on stagnant deeps.

You meet *contagion* issuing from afar,
And dash the baneful conquerer from his car ;
When, guest of *death* ! from charnel vaults he steals,
And bathes in human gore his armed wheels.



THYRSIS AND ÆGLE.

when the *plague*, upborne on belgian air,
rough the mist, and shook his clotted hair;
sinking nations steer'd malignant clouds,
n'd destruction on the gasping crowds.
pale ÆGLE* felt the venom'd dart,
lled her eye, and feebly throbb'd her heart;
rvid sigh seem'd shorter than the last,
rting friendship shunned her, as she passed.
weak unsteady step the fainting maid
ne cold garden's solitary shade,

When the plague raged in Holland in 1636, a young
lady who was betrothed to her, attended her as a nurse.
She remained uninfected, and she recovered, and was
married to him. The story is related by Vinc. Fabricius,
hisc. Cur. Ann. II. Obs. 188.

Sinks on the pillowy moss her drooping head
And prints with lifeless limbs her leafy bed.
—On wings of love her plighted swain pursues,
Shades her from winds, and shelters her from dews,
Extends on tapering poles the canvas roof.
Spreads o'er the straw-wove matt, the flaxen woof,
Sweet buds and blossoms on her bolster strows,
And binds his kerchief round her aching brows ;
Sooths with soft kiss, with tender accents charms,
And clasps the bright infection in his arms.—
With pale and languid smiles the grateful fair
Applauds his virtues, and rewards his care ;
Mourns with wet cheek her fair companions fled
On timorous step, or numbered with the dead ;
Calls to her bosom all its scattered rays,
And pours on THYRSIS the collected blaze ;
Braves the chill night, caressing and carest,
And folds her hero-lover to her breast.—
Less bold, LEANDER at the dusky hour
Eyed, as he swam, the far love-lighted tower ;
Breasted with struggling arms the tossing wave,
And sunk benighted in the watery grave.
Less bold, TOBIAS claim'd the nuptial bed,
Where seven fond lovers by a fiend had bled ;

And drove, instructed by his angel-guide,
The enamored demon from the fatal bride.—
Sylphs! while your winnowing pinions fann'd the air,
And shed gay visions o'er the sleeping pair ;
Love round their couch affused his rosy breath,
And with his keener arrows conquered *death*.



CUPID AND PSYCHE.

So pure, so soft, with sweet attraction shone
Fair *PSYCHE*, kneeling at the ethereal throne ;
Won with coy smiles the admiring court of Jove,
And warm'd the bosom of unconquered *love*.—
Beneath a moving shade of fruits and flowers
Onward they march to *Hymen's* sacred bowers ;
With lifted torch he lights the festive train,
Sublime, and leads them in his golden chain ;
Joins the fond pair, indulgent to their vows,
And hides with mystic veil their blushing brows.
Round their fair forms their mingling arms they
fling,
Meet with warm lip, and clasp with rustling wing.—
—Hence plastic nature, as oblivion whelms
Her fading forms, re-peoples all her realms ;
Soft joys disport on purple plumes unfurl'd,
And love and beauty rule the willing world.



DEATH OF ROSIERE.

Sylphs ! your soft voices, whispering from the
skies,
Bade from low earth the bold MONGOLFIER rise ;
Outstretcht his buoyant ball with airy spring,
And bore the sage on levity of wing ;—
Where were ye, *sylphs !* when on the ethereal main
Young ROSIERE launcht, and called your aid in vain ?
Fair mounts the light balloon, by zephyr driven,
Parts the thin clouds, and sails along the heaven ;
Higher and yet higher the expanding bubble flies,
Lights with quick flash, and bursts amid the skies.—
Headlong he rushes through the affrighted air
With limbs distorted, and disheveled hair,
Whirls round and round, the flying crowd alarms,
And *death* receives him in his sable arms !
—Betrothed beauty bending o'er his bier,
Breathes the loud sob, and sheds the incessant tear,

Pursues the sad procession as it moves
Through winding avenues and waving groves ;
Hears the slow dirge amid the echoing ailes,
And mingles with her sighs discordant smiles.
'Then with quick step advancing through the gloom,
" I come!" she cries, and leaps into his tomb.
" Oh, stay ! I follow thee to realms above!—
" Oh, wait a moment for thy dying love !—
" Thus, thus I clasp thee to my bursting heart !—
" Close o'er us, holy earth !—we will not part !"—
So erst with melting wax and loosened strings
Sunk hapless ICARUS on unfaithful wings ;
His scattered plumage danced upon the wave,
And sorrowing mermaids deckt his watery grave ;
O'er his pale corse their pearly sea-flowers shed,
And strew'd with crimson moss his marble bed ;
Struck in their coral towers the pausing bell,
And wide in ocean tolled his echoing knell.

DIVING BELL.

LED by the sage, lo! Britain's sons shall guide
Huge *sea-balloons* beneath the tossing tide ;
The diving castles rooft with spheric glass,
Ribb'd with strong oak, and barred with bolts of
brass,
Buoyed with pure air shall endless tracks pursue,
And **PRIESTLY'S** hand the vital flood renew.—
Then shall **BRITANNIA** rule the wealthy realms,
Which ocean's wide insatiate wave o'erwhelms ;
Confine in netted bowers his scaly flocks,
Part his blue plains, and people all his rocks.
Deep, in warm waves beneath the line that roll,
Beneath the shadowy ice-isles of the pole,
Onward, through bright meandering vales, afar,
Obedient sharks shall trail her sceptred car,
With harness necks the pearly flood disturb,
Stretch the silk rein, and champ the silver curb ;
Pleased round her triumph wondering tritons play,
And *sea-maids* hail her on the watery way.

—Oft shall she weep beneath the crystal waves
O'er shipwreckt lovers weltering in their graves ;
Mingling in death the brave and good behold
With slaves to glory, and with slaves to gold ;
Shrined in the deep shall DAY and SPAULDING mourn,
Each in his treacherous bell, sepulcheral urn !—
Oft o'er thy lovely daughters, hapless PIERCE !
Her sighs shall breathe, her sorrows dew their
hearse.—

With brow upturn'd to heaven, "*we will not part!*"
He cried, and claspt them to his aching heart.—

—Dasht in dread conflict on the rocky grounds,
Crash the shockt masts, the staggering wreck re-
bounds ;

Through gaping seams the rushing deluge swims,
Chills their pale bosoms, bathes their shuddering
limbs,

Climbs their white shoulders, buoys their streaming
hair,

And the last sea-shrick bellows in the air.—

Each with loud sobs her tender sire carest,
And gasping strain'd him closer to her breast !

—Stretcht on one bier they sleep beneath the brine,
And their white bones with ivory arms intwine !

SYLPHS OF MUSIC.

SYLPHS of nice ear ! with beating wings *you* guide
The fine vibrations of the ærial tide ;
Join in sweet cadences the measured words,
Or stretch and modulate the trembling cords,
You strung to melody the grecian lyre,
Breathed the rapt song, and fanned the thought of
fire,
Or brought in combinations, deep and clear,
Immortal harmony to HANDEL's ear.—
You with soft breath attune the vernal gale,
When breezy evening broods the listening vale ;
Or wake the loud tumultuous sounds, that dwell
In echo's many-toned diurnal shell.
You melt in dulcet chords, when zephyr rings
The eolian harp, and mingle all its strings ;
Or trill in air the soft symphonious chime,
When rapt CÆCILIA lifts her eye sublime,
Swell, as she breathes, her bosom's rising snow,
O'er her white teeth in tuneful accents flow,

Through her fair lips on whispering pinions move
And form the tender sighs, that kindle love !
So playful *love* on Ida's flowery sides
With ribbon-rein the indignant lion guides ;*
Pleased on his brinded back the lyre he rings,
And shakes delirious rapture from the strings ;
Slow as the pausing monarch stalks along,
Sheaths his retractile claws, and drinks the song ;
Soft nymphs on timid step the triumph view,
And listening fawns with beating hoofs pursue ;
With pointed ears the alarmed forest starts,
And love and music soften savage hearts.

* Described from an ancient gem, expressive of the combined power of love and music, in the Museum Florent.

DESTRUCTION OF THE ASSYRIAN ARMY.

STYLGES ! your bold hosts, when heaven with justice
dread

Calls the red tempest round the guilty head,
Fierce at his nod assume vindictive forms,
And launch from airy cars the vollied storms.—
From Ashur's vales when proud *SENACHERIB* trod,
Pour'd his sworn heart, defied the living GOD,
Urged with incessant shouts his glittering powers,
And *JUDAH* shook through all her massy towers ;
Round her sad altars prest the prostrate crowd,
Hosts beat their breasts, and suppliant chieftains bow'd
Loud shrieks of matrons thrill'd the troubled air,
And trembling virgins rent their scatter'd hair ;
High in the midst the kneeling king adored,
Spread the blaspheming scroll before the Lord,
Raised his pale hands, and breathed his pausing sighs,
And fixed on heaven his dim imploring eyes,—
“ Oh ! MIGHTY GOD ! amidst thy seraph-throng
Who sit'st sublime, the judge of right and wrong !

DESTRUCTION AND RESUSCITATION OF THE UNIVERSE.

Roll on, *ye stars!* exult in youthful prime,
Mark with bright curves the printless steps of time;
Near and more near your beamy cars approach,
And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach;
Flowers of the sky! ye too to age must yield,
Frail as your silken sisters of the field!
Star after star from heaven's high arch shall rush,
Suns sink on suns, and systems systems crush,
Headlong, extinct, to one dark centre fall,
And death, and night, and chaos mingle all!
—Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,
Immortal NATURE lifts her changeful form,
Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,
And soars and shines, another and the same.

AIR DESTROYED AND REPRODUCED.

CASTLED on ice, beneath the circling bear,
A vast **CAMELION** drinks and vomits air ;
O'er twelve degrees his ribs gigantic bend,
And many a league his gasping jaws extend ;
Half fish, beneath, his scaly volutes spread,
And vegetable plumage crests his head ;
Huge fields of air his wrinkled skin receives,
From panting gills, wide lungs, and waving leaves ;
'Then with dread throes subsides his bloated form,
His shriek the thunder, and his sigh the storm.
Oft high in heaven the hissing demon wins
His towering course, upborne on winnowing fins ;
Steers with expanded eye and gaping mouth,
His mass enormous to the affrighted south ;
Spreads o'er the shuddering line his shaddowy limbs,
And frost and famine follow as he swims.—

Sylphs! round his cloud-built couch your bands
array,

And mould the monster to your gentle sway ;
Charm with soft tones, with tender touches check,
Bend to your golden yoke his willing neck,
With silver curb his yielding teeth restrain,
And give to KIRWIN'S* hand the silken rein.
Pleased shall the sage, the dragon-wings between,
Bend o'er discordant climes his eye serene,
With Lapland breezes cool arabian vales,
Then call to Hindostan antarctic gales,
Adorn with wreathed ears Kampschatka's brows,
And scatter roses on Zelandic snows,
Earth's wondering zones the genial seasons share,
And nations hail him "*monarch of the air.*"

* Mr. Kirwin has published a valuable treatise on the temperature of climates.

VEGETABLE LOVES.

COME ye soft sylphs ! who fan the paphian groves,
And bear on sportive wings the callow loves ;
Call with sweet whisper, in each gale that blows,
The slumbering snow-drop from her long repose ;
Charm the pale primrose from her clay-cold bed,
Unveil the bashful violet's tremulous head ;
While from her bud the playful tulip breaks,
And young carnations peep with blushing cheeks ;
Bid the closed coral from nocturnal cold
Curtain'd with silk the virgin stigma fold,
Shake into viewless air the morning dews,
And wave in light its iridescent hues.
So shall from high the bursting anther trust
To the mild breezes the prolific dust ;
Or bow his waxen head with graceful pride,
Watch the first blushes of his waking bride,
Give to her hand the honied cup, or sip
Celestial nectar from her sweeter lip ;

Hang in soft raptures o'er the yielding fair,
Love out his hour, and leave his life in air.
So in his silken sepulchre the worm,
Warm'd with new life, unfolds his lava-form ;
Erewhile aloft in wanton circles moves,
And woos on Hymen-wings his velvet loves.



THE CROCODILE.

So from his shell on Delta's shower-less isle
Eursts into life the monster of the Nile ;
First in translucent lymph with cobweb-threads
The brain's fine floating tissue swells, and spreads ;
Nerve after nerve the glistening spine descends,
The red heart dances, the aorta bends ;
Through each new gland the purple current glides,
New veins meandering drink the refluxing tides ;
Edge over edge expands the hardening scale,
And sheath's his slimy skin in silver mail.
Erewhile, emerging from the brooding sand,
With tyger-paw he prints the brineless strand,
High on the flood with speckled bosom swims,
Helm'd with broad tail and oar'd with giant limbs ;
Rolls his fierce eye-balls, clasps his iron claws,
And champs with gnashing teeth his massy jaws ;
Old Nilus sighs along his cane-crown'd shores,
And swarthy Memphis trembles and adores.

ASCENT OF THE BOTANIC GODDESS.

THE goddess ceased,—and, calling from afar
The wandering zephyrs, joins them to her car ;
Mounts with lightbound, and, graceful, as she bends,
Whirls the long lash, the flexile rein extends ;
On whispering wheels the silver axle slides,
Climbs into air, and cleaves the crystal tides ,
Bursts from its pearly chains, her amber hair
Streams o'er her ivory shoulders, buoy'd in air ;
Swells her white veil, with ruby clasp confined
Round her fair brow, and undulates behind ;
The lessening coursers rise in spiral rings,
Pierce the slow-sailing clouds, and stretch their
shadowy wings.



AARON'S ROD.

**THUS when in holy triumph Aaron trod,
And offer'd on the shrine his mystic rod ;
First a new bark its silken tissue weaves,
New buds emerging widen into leaves ;
Fair fruits protrude, enascent flowers expand,
And blush and tremble round the living wand.**

DIANA'S SILVER TREE.

So the learnt alchemist exulting sees
Rise in his bright matrass DIANA's trees ;
Drop after drop, with just delay he pours
The red-fumed acid on Potosi's ores ;
With sudden flash the fierce bullitions rise,
And wide in air the gas phlogistic flies ;
Slow shoot, at length, in many a brilliant mass
Metalic roots across the netted glass ;
Branch after branch extend their silver stems,
Bud into gold, and blossom into gems.

ADDRESS TO THE SYLPHS.

SYLPHS ! who round earth on purple pinions
borne,

Attend the radiant chariot of the morn ;
Lead the gay hours along the ethereal height,
And on each dun meridian shower the light ;
Sylphs ! who from realms of equatorial day
To climes, that shudder in the polar ray,
From zone to zone pursue on shifting wing,
The bright perennial journey of the spring ;
Bring my rich balms from Mecca's hallow'd glades,
Sweet flowers, that glitter in Arabia's shades ;
Fruits, whose fair forms in bright succession glow,
Gilding the banks of Arno, or of Po ;
Each leaf, whose fragrant steam with ruby lip
Gay China's nymphs from pictured vases sip ;
Each spicy rind, which sultry India boasts,
Scenting the night-air round her breezy coasts ;

Roots, whose bold stems in bleak Siberia blow,
And gem with many a tint the eternal snow ;
Barks, whose broad umbrage high in ether waves
O'er Andes steeps, and hides his golden caves ;
And, where yon oak extends his dusky shoots
Wide o'er the rill, that bubbles from his roots ;
Beneath whose arms, protected from the storm,
A turf built altar rears its rustic form ;
Syllis ! with religious hands fresh garlands twine,
And deck with lavish pomp *HYGEIA*'s shrine.
Call with loud voice the sisterhood that dwell
On floating cloud, wide wave, or bubbling well ;
Stamp with charm'd foot, convoke the alarmed
gnomes
From golden beds and adamantine domes ;
Each from her sphere with beckoning arm invite,
Curl'd with red flame, the vestal forms of light ;
Close all your spotted wings, in lucid ranks
Press with your bending knees the crouded banks,
Cross your meek arms, incline your wreathed brows,
And win the goddess with unwearied vows.



INVOCATION.

SEND, ye hovering sylphs ! ærial quires,
reep with little hands your silver lyres ;
airy footsteps print your grassy rings,
mes ! accordant to the tinkling strings ;
in soft notes I tune to oaten reed
ypes, and amorous sorrows of the mead.—
giant oaks, that wave their branches dark,
dwarf moss that clings upon their bark,
beaux and beauties crowd the gaudy groves,
oo and win their vegetable loves.
now-drops cold, and blue-eyed harebells blend
tender tears, as o'er the stream they bend ;
ve-sick violet, and the primrose pale,
eir sweet heads, and whisper to the gale ;
ecret sighs the virgin lily droops,
alous cowslips hang their tawny cups.
ne young rose, in beauty's damask pride,
the warm blushes of his bashful bride ;

With honied lips enamored woodbines meet,
Clasp with fond arms, and mix their kisses sweet.
BOTANIC MUSE ! who, in this latter age,
Led by your airy hand the swedish sage,
Bade his keen eye your secret haunts explore
On dewy dell, high wood, and winding shore ;
Say on each leaf how tiny graces dwell ;
How laugh the pleasures in a blossom's bell ;
How insect loves arise on cobweb wings,
Aim their light shafts, and point their little stings.



DESDEMONA.

With strange deformity PLANTAGO treads,
A monster birth ! and lifts his hundred heads ;
Yet with soft love a gentle belle he charms,
And clasps the beauty in his hundred arms.
So hapless DESDEMONA, fair and young,
Won by OTHELLO's captivating tongue,
Sigh'd o'er each strange and piteous tale, distress,
And sunk, enamor'd, on his sooty breast.

EOLIAN HARP.

With charms despotic fair CHONDRILLA reigns
O'er the soft hearts of *five* fraternal swains ;
If sighs the changeful nymph, alike they mourn ;
And if she smile, with rival raptures burn.
So, tuned in unison, eolian lyre !
Sounds in sweet symphony thy kindred wire ;
Now, gently swept by zephyr's vernal wings,
Sink in soft cadences the love-sick strings ;
And now with mingling chords, and voices higher,
Peal the full anthems of the ærial choir.

NINON DE L'ENCLOS.

WHEN the young hours, amid her tangled hair,
Wove the fresh rose-bud, and the lily fair,
Proud GLORIOSO led *three* chosen swains,
The blushing captives of her virgin chains—
When time's rude hand a bark of wrinkles spread
Round her weak limbs, and silver'd o'er her head,
Three other youths her riper years engage,
The flatter'd victims of her wily age.—
So, in her wane of beauty, NINON won
With fatal smiles her gay unconscious son.—
Claspt in his arms, she own'd a mother's name,—
“ Desist, rash youth! restrain your impious flame,
“ First on that bed your infant-form was prest,
“ Born by my throes, and nurtur'd at my breast.”—
Back as from death he sprung, with wild amaze
Fierce on the fair he fixt his ardent gaze;
Dropt on one knee, his frantic arms outspread,
And stole a guilty glance toward the bed;

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Then breathed from quivering lips a whisper'd vow,
And bent on heaven his pale repentant brow ;
" Thus thus !" he cried, and plunged the furious
 dart,
And life and love gusht, mingled, from his heart.



THE VANE.

WHEN heaven's high vault condensing clouds
deform,

Fair AMARYLLIS flies the incumbent storm.
Seeks with unsteady step the shelter'd vale,
And turns her blushing beauties from the gale.—
Six rival youths, with soft concern imprest,
Calm all her fears, and charm her cares to rest.—
So shines at eve the sun illumined fane,
Lifts its bright cross, and waves its golden vane ;
From every breeze the polisht axle turns,
And high in air the dancing meteor burns.

NYMPH IN FULL DRESS.

QUEEN of the marsh, imperial *DROSER* treads
Rush-fringed banks, and moss-embroider'd beds ,
Redundant folds of glossy silk surround
Her slender waist, and trail upon the ground ;
Five sister-nymphs collect with graceful ease,
Or spread the floating purple to the breeze ;
And *five* fair youths with duteous love comply
With each soft mandate of her moving eye.
As with sweet grace her snowy neck she bows,
A zone of diamonds trembles round her brows,
Bright shines the silver halo, as she turns ;
And, as she steps, the living lustre burns.

THE GIANT ILEX.

FOUR of the giant brood with *ILEX* stand,
Each grasps a thousand arrows in his hand ;
A thousand steely points on every scale
Form the bright terrors of his bristly mail.—
So arm'd, immortal ~~moore~~ uncharm'd the spell,
And slew the wily dragon of the well.—
Sudden with ~~rage~~ their *injured* bosoms burn,
Retort the insult, or the wound return ;
Unwrong'd, as ~~gentle~~ as the ~~breeze~~ that sweeps
The unbending harvests or undimpled deeps,
They guard the kings of *Needwood's* wide domains,
Their sister-wives and fair infantine trains ;
Lead the lone pilgrim through the trackless glade,
Or guide in leafy wilds the wond'ring maid.—
So *WRIGHT's* bold pencil from Vesuvio's height
Hurls his red lava's to the troubled night ;
From Calpè starts the intolerable flash,
Skies burst in flames, and blazing oceans dash ;—

Or bids in sweet repose his shades recede,
Winds the still vale, and slopes the velvet mead;
On the pale stream expiring zephyrs sink,
And moonlight sleeps upon its hoary brink.



THE AMAZON.

GIGANTIC nymph ! the fair KLEINHOVIA reigns,
The grace and terror of Orixia's plains ;
O'er her warm cheek the blush of beauty swims,
And nerves herculean bend her sinewy limbs ;
With frolic eye she views the affrighted throng,
And shakes the meadows as she towers along ;
With playful violence displays her charms,
And bears her trembling lovers in her arms.—
So fair THALESTRIS shook her plummy crest,
And bound in rigid mail her jutting breast ;
Poised her long lance amid the walks of war,
And beauty thunder'd from Bellona's car ;
Greece arm'd in vain, her captive heroes wove
The chains of conquest with the wreaths of love.

THE DORMOUSE.

WHEN o'er the cultivated lawns and dreary
wastes

Retiring autumn flings her howling blasts,
Bends in tumultuous waves the struggling woods,
And showers their leafy honors on the floods,
In withering heaps collects the flowery spoil,
And each chill insect sinks beneath the soil ;
Quick flies fair TULIPA the loud alarms,
And folds her infant closer in her arms ;
In some lone cave, secure pavilion, lies,
And waits the courtship of serener skies.
So, six cold moons, the dormouse charm'd to rest,
Indulgent sleep ! beneath thy eider breast,
In fields of fancy climbs the kernel'd groves,
Or shares the golden harvest with his loves.

GEORGIAN STAR.

THEN bright from earth amid the troubled sky,
Ascends fair COLCHICA with radiant eye,
Warms the cold bosom of the hoary year,
And lights with beauty's blaze the dusky sphere.
Three blushing maids the intrepid nymph attend;
And *six* gay youths, enamor'd train ! defend.—
So shines with silver guards the georgian star,
And drives on night's blue arch his glittering car ;
Hangs o'er the billowy clouds his lucid form,
Wades through the mist, and dances in the storm.

WHALE AT PLAY.

So, warm and buoyant in his oily mail,
Gambols on seas of ice the unwieldy whale ;
Wide-waving fins round floating islands urge
His bulk gigantic through the troubled surge ;
With hideous yawn the flying shoals he seeks,
Or clasps with fringe of horn his massy cheeks ;
Lifts o'er the tossing wave his nostrils bare,
And spouts pellucid columns into air ;
The silvery arches catch the setting beams,
And transient rainbows tremble o'er the streams.

SENITIVE PLANT.

WEAK with nice sense, the chaste MIMOSA
stands,

From each rude touch withdraws her timid hands ;
Oft as light clouds o'er-pass the summer-glade,
Alarm'd she trembles at the moving shade ;
And feels, alive through all her tender form,
The whisper'd murmurs of the gather'd storm ;
Shuts her sweet eye-lids to approaching night,
And hails with freshen'd charms the rising light.
Veil'd, with gay decency and modest pride,
Slow to the mosque she moves an eastern bride ;
There her soft vows unceasing love record,
Queen of the bright seraglio of her lord.
So sinks or rises with the changeful hour
The liquid silver in its glassy tower.
So turns the needle to the pole it loves,
With fine librations quivering as it moves.

PALACE OF A SEA NYMPH.

STRETCHT on her mossy couch, in trackless
deeps,
Queen of the coral groves, ZOSTERA sleeps ;
The silvery sea-weed matted round her bed,
And distant surges murmuring o'er her head.
High in the flood her azure dome ascends,
The crystal arch on crystal columns bends ;
Roof't with translucent shell the turrets blaze,
And far in ocean dart their color'd rays ;
O'er the white floor successive shadows move,
As rise and break the ruffled waves above.
Around the nymph her mermaid-trains repair,
And wave with orient pearl her radiant hair ;
With rapid fins she cleaves the watery way,
Shoots like a silver meteor up to day ;
Sounds a loud conch, convokes a scaly band,
Her sea-born lovers, and ascends the strand.

MOUNTAIN NIGHT-SCENE.

WHERE frowning Snowden bends his dizzy brow
O'er Conway, listening to the surge below ;
Retiring LICHEN climbs the topmost stone,
And drinks the ærial solitude alone.—
Bright shine the stars, unnumber'd o'er her head,
And the cold moon-beam gilds her flinty bed ;
While round the rifted rocks hoarse whirlwinds
breathe,
And dark with thunder sail the clouds *beneath*.
The steepy path her plighted swain pursues,
And tracks her light step o'er the imprinted dews ;
Delighted Hymen gives his torch to blaze,
Winds round the crags, and lights the mazy ways ;
Sheds o'er their secret vows his influence chaste,
And decks with roses the admiring waste.

, LOVERS PRAYER.

As dash the waves on India's breezy strand
Her flushed cheek prest upon her lily hand,
VALLISNER sits, up-turns her tearful eyes,
Calls her lost lover, and upbraids the skies ;
For him she breathes the silent sigh, forlorn,
Each setting day ; for him each rising morn.—
“ Bright orbs, that light yon high ethereal plain,
“ Or bathe your radiant tresses in the main ;
“ Pale moon, that silverest o'er night's sable brow ;
“ For ye were witness to his parting vow !
“ Ye shelving rocks, dark waves, and sounding shore,
“ Ye echoed sweet the tender words he swore !
“ Can stars or seas the sails of love retain ?
“ O guide my wanderer to my arms again !”

SENSIBILITY.

ALL wan and shivering in the leafless glade
The sad ANEMONE reclined her head ;
Grief on her cheeks had paled the roseate hue,
And her sweet eye-lids dropt with pearly dew.
“ See from bright regions, borne on odorous gales,
The swallow, herald of the summer, sails ;
Breathe, gentle AIR ! from cherib-lips impart
Thy balmy influence to my anguisht heart ;
Thou, whose soft voice calls forth the tender
 blooms,
Whose pencil paints them, and whose breath per-
 fumes ;
O chase the fiend of frost, with leaden mace,
Who seals in death-like sleep my hapless race ;
Melt his hard heart, release his iron hand,
And give my ivory petals to expand.
So may each bud, that decks the brow of spring,
Shed all its incense on thy wafting wing !”

To her fond prayer propitious zephyr yields,
Sweeps on his sliding shell through azure fields.
O'er her fair mansion waves his whispering wand,
And gives her ivory petals to expand ;
Gives with new life her filial train to rise,
And hail with kindling smiles the genial skies.
So shines the nymph in beauty's blushing pride,
When zephyr wafts her deep calash aside ;
Tears with rude kiss her bosom's gauzy veil,
And flings the fluttering kerchief to the gale.



MEDEA AND ÆSON.

WITH nice selection modest RUBIA blends
Her vernal dyes, and o'er the caldron bends ;
Warm, mid the rising steam, the beauty glows,
As blushes in a mist the dewy rose.
With chemic art *four* favor'd youths aloof
Stain the white fleece, or stretch the tinted woof ;
O'er age's cheek the warmth of youth diffuse,
Or deck the pale-eyed nymph in roseate hues.
So when MEDEA to exulting Greece
From plunder'd COLCHIS bore the golden fleece ;
On the loud shore a magic pile she rais'd,
The caldron bubbled, and the faggots blazed ;
Pleased on the boiling wave old ÆSON swims,
And feels new vigor stretch his swelling limbs ;
Through his thrill'd nerves forgotton ardors dart,
And warmer eddies circle round his heart ;
With softer fires his kindling eye-balls glow,
And darker tresses wanton round his brow.

Charm'd o'er the car pursuing cupids sweep,
Their snow-white pinions twinkling in the deep ;
And, as the lustre of her eye she turns,
Soft sighs the gale, and amorous ocean burns.



LADY FROZEN TO A STATUE.

ON DOVE'S green brink the fair TREMELLA stood,
And view'd her playful image in the flood ;
To each rude rock, lone dell, and echoing grove,
Sung the sweet sorrows of her *secret* love.
"Oh, stay !—return !"—along the sounding shore
Cry'd the sad naiads,—she return'd no more !—
Now girt with clouds the sullen evening frown'd,
And withering Eurus swept along the ground ;
The misty moon withdrew her horned light,
And sunk with Hesper in the skirt of night ;
No dim electric streams, the northern dawn,
With meek efulgence quivered o'er the lawn ;
No star benignant shot one transient ray
To guide or light the wanderer on her way.
Round the dark crags the murmuring whirlwinds
blow,
Woods groan above, and waters roar below ;

As o'er the steeps with pausing foot she moves,
The pitying dryads shriek amid their groves.
She flies—she stops—she pants—she looks behind,
And hears a demon howl in every wind.
As the bleak blast unfurls her fluttering vest,
Cold beats the snow upon her shuddering breast ;
'Through her numb'd limbs the chill sensations dart,
And the keen ice-bolt trembles at her heart.
“ I sink, I fall ! oh, help me, help ! ” she cries,
Her stiffening tongue the unfinished sound denies ;
Tear after tear adown her cheek succeeds,
And pearls of ice bestrew the glittering meads ;
Congealing snows her lingering feet surround,
Arrest her flight, and root her to the ground ;
With suppliant arms she pours the silent prayer ;
Her suppliant arms hang crystal in the air ;
Pelucid films her shivering neck o'erspread,
Seal her mute lips, and silver o'er her head ;
Veil her pale bosom, glaze her lifted hands,
And, shrined in ice, the beauteous statue stands.
—DOVE'S azure nymphs, on each revolving year,
For fair TREMELLA shed the tender tear ;
With rush-wove crowns in sad procession move,
And sound the sorrowing shell to hapless love.

AIR-BALLOON.

So on the shoreless air the intrepid gaul
Launcht the vast concave of his buoyant ball.
Journeying on high, the silken castle glides,
Bright as a meteor through the azure tides ;
O'er towns, and towers and temples wins its way,
Or mounts sublime, and gilds the vault of day.
Silent with upturn'd eyes unbreathing crowds
Pursue the floating wonder to the clouds ;
And, flusht with transport or benumb'd with fear,
Watch, as it rises, the diminisht sphere.
—Now less and less !—and now a speck is seen !
And now the fleeting rack obtrudes between !—
With bended knees, raised arms, and suppliant brow,
To every shrine with mingled cries they vow.—
' Save him, ye saints ! who o'er the good preside ;
' Bear him, ye winds ! ye stars benignant ! guide."
—The calm philosopher in ether sails,
Views broader stars, and breathes in purer gales ;

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Sees, like a map, in many a waving line,
Round earth's blue plains her lucid waters shine ;
Sees at his feet the forked lightnings glow,
And hears innocuous thunders roar below.
Rise great MONGOLFIER ! urge thy venturous flight !
High o'er the moon's pale ice-reflected light ;
High o'er the pearly star, whose beamy horn
Hangs in the east, gay harbinger of morn ;
Leave the red eye of Mars on rapid wing,
Jove's silver guards, and Saturn's crystal ring ;
Leave the fair beams, which, issuing from afar,
Play with new lustres round the Georgian star ;
Shun with strong oars, the sun's attractive throne,
The sparkling Zodiac, and the milky zone ;
Where headlong comets, with increasing force,
Through other systems bend their blazing course.
For thee Cassiope her chair withdraws,
For thee the Bear retracts his shaggy paws ;
High o'er the north thy golden orb shall roll,
And blaze eternal round the wondering pole.
So, Argo, rising from the southern main,
Lights with new stars the blue ethereal plain ;
With favoring beams the mariner protects ;
And the bold course, which first it steer'd, directs.



VARYING COLORS OF THE SKY.

How sweetly mutable yon orient hues,
As morn's fair hand her opening roses strews ;
How bright, when Iris, blending many a ray,
Binds in embroider'd wreath the brow of day ;
Soft when the pendant moon with lustres pale
O'er heaven's blue arch unfurls her milkey veil ;
While from the north long threads of silver light
Dart on swift shuttles o'er the tissued night !
Breathe soft ye zephyrs ! hear my fervent sighs,
Bear on broad wings your votress to the skies !

TRANSCIENCE OF BEAUTY.

As yon gay clouds, which canopy the skies,
Change their thin forms, and lose their lucid dyes;
So the soft bloom of beauty's vernal charms
Fades in our eyes, and withers in our arms.
—Bright as the silvery plume, or pearly shell,
The snow-white rose, or lily's virgin bell,
The fair HELLEBORUS attractive shone,
Warm'd every sage, and every shepherd won.—
Round the gay sister's press the *enamor'd bands*,
And seek with soft solicitude their hands.
—Erewhile how changed !—in dim suffusion lies
The glance divine, that lighten'd in their eyes ;
Cold are those lips, where smiles seductive hung,
And the weak accents linger on their tongue ;
Each roseate feature fades to livid green—
Disgust, with face averted, shuts the scene.

DISCOVERY OF PAPER.

PAPYRA, throned upon the banks of Nile,
Spread her smooth leaf, and waved her silver style.
—The storied pyramid, the laurel'd bust,
The trophied arch had crumbled into dust ;
The sacred symbol, and the epic song,
Unknown the character, forgot the tongue,
With each unconquered chief, or sainted maid,
Sunk undistinguisht in oblivion's shade.
Sad o'er the scattered ruins genius sigh'd,
And infant arts but learn'd to lisp, and died.
Till to astonisht realms PAPYRA taught
To paint in mystic colors sound and thought.
With wisdom's voice to print the page sublime,
And mark in adamant the steps of time.
Three favor youths her soft attentions share,
The fond disciples of the studious fair,
Hear her sweet voice, the golden process prove ;
Gaze, as they learn ; and, as they listen, love.

The first from Alpha to Omega joins
The letter'd tribes along the level lines ;
Weighs with nice ear the vowel, liquid, surd,
And breaks in syllables the volant word.
Then forms *the next* upon the marshall'd plain,
In deepening ranks, his dexterous cypher-train ;
And counts, as wheel the decimating bands,
The dews of Egypt, or Arabia's sands.
And then *the third*, on four concordant lines,
Prints the lone crochet, and the quaver joins ;
Marks the gay trill, the solemn pause inscribes,
And parts with bars the undulating tribes.
Pleased, round her cane-wove throne, the applaud-
ing crowd,
Clapt their rude hands, their swarthy foreheads
bow'd ;
With loud acclaim, " a present god !" they cry'd,
" A present god ! rebellowing shores reply'd.—
'Then peal'd at intervals, with mingled swell,
The echoing harp, shrill clarion, horn, and shell ;
While bards ecstatic, bending o'er the lyre,
Struck deeper chords, and wing'd the song with
fire.

n markt astronomers, with keener eyes,
moon's refulgent journey through the skies ;
t the swift comets urge their blazing cars,
weigh'd the sun with his revolving stars.
raised the chymists their hermetic wands,
changing forms obey'd their waving hands,
treasured gold from earth's deep chambers tore,
used and harden'd her chalybeate ore.
with bent knee from fair PAPHIA claim,
e by her hands, the wreath of deathless fame.
sulting genius crown'd his darling child,
young arts claspt her knees, and virtue smiled,

•



NEBUCHADNEZZAR TRANSFORMED.

So from his gorgeous throne, which awed the
world,
The mighty monarch of Assyria hurl'd,
Sojourn'd with brutes beneath the midnight storm
Changed by avenging heaven in mind and form.
—Prone to the earth he bends his brow superb,
Crops the young floret and the bladed herb ;
Lolls his red tongue, and from the reedy side
Of slow Euphrates laps the muddy tide.
Long eagle plumes his arching neck invest,
Steal round his arms, and clasp his sharpen'd breast
Dark brinded hairs, in bristling ranks, behind,
Rise o'er his back, and rustle in the wind ;
Clothe his lank sides, his shrivell'd limbs surround
And human hands with talons print the ground.
Silent, in shining troops, the courtier-throng
Pursue their monarch as he crawls along ;
E'en beauty pleads in vain with smiles and tears
Nor flattery's self can pierce his pendant ears.

THE TIME PIECE.

THE gentle LAPSANA, NYMPHÆ fair,
And bright CALENDULA with golden hair,
Watch with nice eye the earth's diurnal way,
Marking her solar and sidereal day,
Her slow nutation, and her varying clime,
And trace with mimic art the march of time ;
Round his light foot a magic chain they fling,
And count the quick vibrations of his wing.—
First in its brazen cell reluctant roll'd,
Bends the dark spring in many a steely fold.
On spiral brass is stretcht the wiry thong,
Tooth urges tooth, and wheel drives wheel along ;
In diamond-eyes the polish'd axles flow,
Smooth slides the hand, the balance pants below.
Round the white circle, in relieveo bold,
A serpent twines his scaly length in gold ;
And brightly pencil'd on the enamel'd sphere,
Live the fair trophies of the passing year.

—Here *TIME*'s huge fingers grasp his giant mace,
And dash proud superstition from her base ;
Rend her strong towers and gorgeous fanes, and shed
The crumbling fragments round her guilty head.
There the gay *hours*, whom wreaths of roses deck,
Lead their young trains amid the cumberous wreck,
And, slowly purpling o'er the mighty waste,
Plant the fair growths of science and of taste.
While each light *moment*, as it dances by,
With feathery foot and pleasure-twinkling eye,
Feeds from its baby-hand, with many a kiss,
The callow nestlings of domestic bliss.



THE SORCERESS.

SOPHA'D on silk, amid her charm-built towers,
Her meads of asphodel, and amaranth bowers,
Where sleep and silence guard the soft abodes,
In sullen apathy PAPAVER nods.
Faint o'er her couch in scintillating streams
Pass the thin forms of fancy and of dreams ;
Froze by enchantment on the velvet ground,
Fair youths and beauteous ladies glitter round ;
On crystal pedestals they seem to sigh,
Bend the meek knee and lift the imploring eye.
—And now the sorceress bares her shrivell'd hand,
And circles thrice in air her ebon wand ;
Flusht with new life descending statues talk,
The pliant marble softening as they walk ;
With deeper sobs reviving lovers breathe,
Fair bosoms rise and soft hearts pant beneath ;
With warmer lips relenting damsels speak,
And kindling blushes tinge the parian cheek ;
To viewless lutes aërial voices sing,
And hovering loves are heard on rustling wing.

—She waves her wand again!—fresh horrors seize
Their stiffening limbs, their vital currents freeze;
By each cold nymph her marble lover lies,
And iron slumbers seal her glassy eyes.
So with his dread caduceus, HERMES led
From the dark regions of the imprison'd dead,
Or drove in silent shoals the lingering train
To night's dull shore, and PLUTO's dreary reign.



ST. ANTHONY'S SERMON TO FISHES.

So, when the saint from Padua's graceless land,
In silent anguish sought the barren strand,
High on the shatter'd beech sublime he stood,
Still'd with his waving arm the babbling flood;
"To man's dull ear," he cried, "I call in vain,
Hear me, ye scaly tenants of the main!—"
Mishapen seals approach in circling flocks,
In dusky mail the tortoise climbs the rocks,
Torpedoes, sharks, rays, porpoise, dolphins, pour
Their twinkling squadrons round the glittering shore;
With tangled fins behind, huge phocæ glide,
And whales and grampi swell the distant tide.
Then kneel'd the hoary seer, to heaven address
His fiery eyes, and smote his sounding breast;
"Bless ye the Lord," with thundering voice he cried,
"Bless ye the Lord!" the bending shores replied:
The winds and waters caught the sacred word,
And mingling echoes shouted "bless the Lord!"

The listening shoals the quick contagion feel,
Pant on the floods, inebriate with their zeal,
Ope their wide jaws, and bow their slimy heads,
And dash with frantic fins their foamy beds.



FROST SCENE.

THUS, when white winter o'er the shivering clime
Drives the still snow, or showers the silver rime ;
As the lone shepherd o'er the dazzling rocks
Prints his steep step, and guides his vagrant flocks ;
Views the green holly veil'd in net-work nice,
Her vermil clusters twinkling in the ice ;
Admires the lucid vales, and slumbering floods,
Suspended cataracts, and crystal woods,
Transparent towns, with seas of milk between,
And eyes with transport the refulgent scene :
If breaks the sunshine o'er the spangled trees,
Or flits on tepid wing the western breeze,
In liquid dews descends the transient glare,
And all the glittering pageant melts in air,

MOSES STRIKING THE ROCK.

THUS ISRAEL's heaven-taught chief o'er trackless
sands
Led to the sultry rock his murmuring bands.
Bright o'er his brows the forky radiance blazed,
And high in air the rod divine he raised.—
Wide yawns the cliff!—amid the thirsty throng
Rush the redundant waves, and shine along ;
With gourds, and shells, and helmets, press the
bands,
Ope their parcht lips, and spread their eager hands,
Snatch their pale infants to the exuberant shower,
Kneel on the shatter'd rock, and bless the almighty
power.

PERUVIAN BARK.

WHERE Andes hides his cloud-wreatht crest in
snow,
And roots his base on burning sands below ;
CINCHONA, fairest of peruvian maids,
To health's bright goddess in the breezy glades,
On Quito's temperate plain an altar rear'd,
Trill'd the loud hymn, the solemn prayer preferr'd :
Each balmy bud she cull'd, and honey'd flower,
And hung with fragrant wreaths the sacred bower ;
Each pearly sea she searcht, and sparkling mine,
And piled their treasures on the gorgeous shrine ;
Her suppliant voice for sickning LOXA raised,
Sweet breathed the gale, and bright the censor blazed.
—" Divine HYGEIA ! on thy votaries bend
Thy angel-looks, oh, hear us, and defend !
While streaming o'er the night with baleful glare
The star of autumn rays his misty hair ;

Fierce from his fens the giant AGUE springs,
And wrapt in fogs descends on vampire wings;
Before, with shuddering limbs cold TREMOR reels,
And FEVER's burning nostril dogs his heels;
Loud claps the grinning fiend his iron hands,
Stamps with black hoof, and shouts along the lands;
Withers the damask cheek, unnerves the strong,
And drives with scorpion-lash the shrieking throng.
Oh, goddess! on thy kneeling votaries bend
Thy angel-looks, oh, hear us, and defend!"

HYGEIA, leaning from the blest abodes,
The chrystal mansions of the immortal gods,
Saw the sad nymph uplift her dewy eyes,
Spread her white arms, and breathe her fervid sighs;
Call'd to her fair associates, youth and joy,
And shot all radiant through the glittering sky;
Loose waved behind her golden train of hair,
Her sapphire mantle swam diffused in air.—
O'er the grey matted moss, and pansied sod,
With step sublime the glowing goddess trod,
Gilt with her beamy eye the conscious shade,
And with her smile celestial blest the maid.
"Come to my arms," with seraph voice she cries,
Thy vows are heard, benignant nymph! arise;

Where yon aspiring trunks fantastic wreath
Their mingled roots, and drink the rill beneath,
Yield to the biting axe thy sacred wood,
And strew the bitter foliage on the flood.”
In silent homage bow'd the blushing maid,—
Five youths athletic hasten to her aid,
O'er the scared hills re-echoing strokes resound,
And headlong forests thunder on the ground.
Round the dark roots, rent bark, and shatter'd boughs
From ocherous beds the swelling fountain flows ;
With streams austere its widening margin laves,
And pours from vale to vale its dusky waves.
—As the pale squadrons, bending o'er the brink,
View with a sigh their altered forms, and drink ;
Slow-ebbing life with reflux crimson breaks
O'er their wan lips, and paints their haggard cheeks
Through each fine nerve rekindling transports dart,
Light the quick eye, and swell the exulting heart.

NYMPHS AT TEA.

HERE paused the goddess,—on **HYGEIA**'s shrine
Obsequious gnomes repose the lyre divine ;
Descending sylphs relax the trembling strings,
And catch the rain-drops on their shadowy wings
—And now her vase a modest naiad fills
With liquid crystal from her pebbly rills ;
Piles the dry cedar round her silver urn,
Bright climbs the blaze, the crackling faggots burn,
Culls the green herb of China's envied bowers,
In gaudy cups the steamy treasure pours ;
And, sweetly smiling, on her bended knee
Presents the fragrant quintessence of **TEA**.

SONG TO MAY.

I.

BORN in yon blaze of orient sky,
Sweet MAY ! thy radiant form unfold ;
Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

II.

For thee the fragrant zephyrs blow,
For thee descends the sunny shower ;
The rills in softer murmurs flow,
And brighter blossoms gem the bower.

III.

Light graces drest in flowery wreaths,
And tiptoe joys their hands combine ;
And love his sweet contagion breathes,
And, laughing, dances round thy shrine.

IV.

Warm with new life the glittering throng,
On quivering fin and rustling wing,
Delighted join their votive song,
And hail thee, GODDESS OF THE SPRING."



HOWARD.

AND, NOW, PHILANTHROPY! thy rays divine,
Dart round the globe from Zembla to the line;
O'er each dark prison plays the cheering light,
Like northern lustres o'er the vault of night—
From realm to realm, with cross or crescent crown'd,
Where'er mankind and misery are found,
O'er burning sands, deep waves, or wilds of snow,
Thy HOWARD, journeying, seeks the house of woe.
Down many a winding step to dungeons dank,
Where anguish wails aloud, and fetters clank;
To caves bestrew'd with many a mouldering bone,
And cells, whose echoes only learn to groan;
Where no kind bars a whispering friend disclose,
No sunbeam enters, and no zephyr blows,
He treads, inemulous of fame or wealth,
Profuse of toil and prodigal of health;
With soft assuasive eloquence expands
Power's rigid heart, and opes his clenching hands;

Leads stern-eyed justice to the dar
If not to sever, to relax the chains
Or guides awaken'd mercy throug
And shows the prison, sister to th
Gives to her babes the self-devoted
To her fond husband liberty and li
—The spirits of the good, who ber
Wide o'er these earthly scenes th
When first, array'd in VIRTUE's p
They saw her HOWARD traversing
Saw round his brows her sun-like
In arrowy circles of unwearied ray
Mistook a mortal for an angel-gue
And askt what seraph-foot the ear
—Onward he moves !—disease ar
And murmuring demons hate hir

WITCH AND IMPS.

THRICE round the grave CYRCEÆ prints her
tread,
And chants the numbers which disturb the dead ;
Shakes o'er the holy earth her sable plume,
Waves her dread wand, and strikes the echoing
tomb !
Pale shoot the stars across the troubled night,
The timorous moon withholds her conscious light ;
Shrill scream the famisht bats and shivering owls,
And loud and long the dog of midnight howls !
Then yawns the bursting ground !—*two* nymphs
obscene
Rise on broad wings, and hail the baleful queen ;
Each with dire grin salutes the potent wand,
And leads the sorceress with his sooty hand ;
Onward they glide, where sheds the sickly yew,
O'er many a mouldering bone, its nightly dew ;

The ponderous portals of the church unbar,—
Hoarse on their hinge the ponderous portals jar ;
As through the colored glass the moon-beam falls,
Huge shapeless spectres quiver on the walls ;
Low murmurs creep along the hollow ground,
And to each step the pealing ailes resound ;
By glimmering lamps, protecting saints among,
The shrines all trembling as they pass along,
O'er the still choir with hideous laugh they move,
Fiends yell below, and angels weep above !
Their impious march to God's high altar bend,
With feet impure the sacred steps ascend ;
With wine unblest the holy chalice stain,
Assume the mitre, and the cope profane ;
To heaven their eyes in mock devotion throw,
And to the cross with horrid mummary bow ;
Adjure by mimic rites the powers above,
And plight alternate their satanic love.

NIGHTMARE.

So on his NIGHTMARE, through the evening fog,
Flits the squab fiend o'er fen, and lake, and bog ;
Seeks some love-wilder'd maid with sleep oppress,
Alights, and, grinning, sits upon her breast.
Such as of late, amid the murky sky,
Was markt by FUSELI's poetic eye ;
Whose daring tints, with SHAKESPEARE's happiest
 grace,
Gave to the airy phantom form and place.
Back o'er her pillow sinks her blushing head,
Her snow-white limbs hang helpless from the bed ;
While with quick sighs, and suffocative breath,
Her interrupted heart-pulse swims in death.
Then shrieks of captured towns, and widows' tears,
Pale lovers stretcht upon their blood-stain'd biers,
The headlong precipice that thwarts her flight,
The trackless desert, the cold starless night,

And stern-eyed murderer, with his knife behind,
In dread succession agonize her mind.
O'er her fair limbs convulsive tremors fleet,
Start in her hands, and struggle in her feet ;
In vain to scream with quivering lips she tries,
And strains in palsied lids her tremulous eyes ;
In vain she *wills* to run, fly, swim, walk, creep ;
The *WILL* presides not in the bower of *SLEEP*.
On her fair bosom sits the demon-ape
Erect, and balances his bloated shape ;
Rolls in their marble orbs his gorgon-eyes,
And drinks with leathern ears her tender cries.

THOR'S CAVE.

WHERE HAMPS AND MANIFOLD, their cliffs among,
Each in his flinty channel winds along ;
With lucid lines the dusky moor divides,
Hurrying to intermix their sister tides ;
Where still their silver-bosom'd nymphs abhor
The blood-smear'd mansion of gigantic THOR,—
Erst, fires volcanic in the marble womb
Of cloud-wrapt WETTON raised the massy dome ;
Rocks rear'd on rocks in huge disjointed piles
Form the tall turrets, and the lengthen'd ailes ;
Broad ponderous piers sustain the roof, and wide
Branch the vast rainbow ribs from side to side.
While from above descends, in milky streams,
One scanty pencil of illusive beams,
Suspended crags and gaping gulphs illumes,
And gilds the horrors of the deepen'd glooms,
Here oft the naiads, as they chanced to play
Near the dread fane on THOR's returning day,

Saw from red altars streams of guiltless blood
Stain their green reed-beds and pollute their
Heard dying babes in wicker prisons wail,
And shrieks of matrons thrill the affrighted
While from dark caves infernal echoes mock
And fiends triumphant shout from every rock
So still the nymphs emerging lift in air
Their snow-white shoulders and their azure
Sail with sweet grace the dimpling streams
Listening the shepherd's or the miner's song
But, when afar they view the giant cave,
On timorous fins they circle on the wave;
With streaming eyes and throbbing hearts
Plunge their fair forms, and dive beneath the
Closed round their heads reluctant eddies spin
And wider rings successive dash the brink.
Three thousand steps in sparry clefts they start
Or seek through sullen mines their gloomy
On beds of lava sleep in coral cells,
Or sigh o'er jasper fish, and agate shells.
Till where famed FLAM leads his boiling flood
Through flowery meadows and impending woods

Pleased with light spring they leave the dreary
night,
And mid circumfluent surges rise to light ;
Shake their bright locks, the widening vale pursue,
Their sea-green mantles fringed with pearly dew ;
In playful groups by towering THORP they move,
Bound o'er the foaming wears, and rush into the
Dove.



MEDEA AND HER CHILDREN

So when MEDEA left her native soil
Unawed by danger, unsubdued by toil;
Her weeping sire and beckoning friends
And launcht enamor'd on the boiling flood
One ruddy boy her gentle lips carest,
And one fair girl was pillow'd on her breast
While high in air the golden treasure burst
And love and glory guide the prow by turn
But, when Thessalia's inauspicious plain
Received the matron-heroine from the main
While horns of triumph sound, and altars
And shouting nations hail their chief's return
Aghast, she saw new-deckt the nuptial bed
And proud CREUSA to the temple led;
Saw her in JASON's mercenary arms
Deride her virtues, and insult her charms
Saw her dear babes from fame and empire
In foreign realms deserted and forlorn;

Her love rejected, and her vengeance braved,
By him her beauties won, her virtues saved.—
With stern regard she eyed the traitor-king,
And felt, ingratitude ! thy keenest sting;
“ Nor heaven,” she cried, “ nor earth, nor hell
can hold
“ A heart abandon’d to the thirst of gold!”
Stampt with wild foot, and shook her horrent brow,
And call’d the furies from their dens below.
—Slow out of earth, before the festive crowds,
On wheels of fire, amid a night of clouds,
Drawn by fierce fiends, arose a magic car,
Received the queen, and hovering flamed in air.
As with raised hands the suppliant traitors kneel,
And fear the vengeance they deserve to feel,
Thrice with parcht lips her guiltless babes she prest,
And thrice she claspt them to her tortured breast;
Awhile with white uplifted eyes she stood,
Then plunged her trembling poniards in their blood.
“ Go, kiss your sire ! go, share the bridal mirth !”
She cry’d, and hurl’d their quivering limbs on earth.
Rebellowing thunders rock the marble towers,
And red-tongued lightnings shoot their arrowy
showers ;

Earth yawns !—the crashing ruin sinks !—o'er all
Death with black hands extends his mighty pall ;
Their mingling gore the fiends of vengeance quaff,
And hell receives them with convulsive laugh.



PALMIRA'S RUINS.

So, where PALMIRA mid her wasted plains,
Her shattered aqueducts, and prostrate fanes,
(As the bright orb of breezy midnight pours
Long threads of silver through her gaping towers,
O'er mouldering tombs, and tottering columns
gleams,
And frosts her deserts with diffusive beams).
Sad o'er the mighty wreck in silence bends,
Lifts her wet eyes, her tremulous hands extends.
If from lone cliffs a bursting rill expands
Its transient course, and sinks into the sands ;
O'er the moist rock the fell hyæna prowls,
The leopard hisses, and the panther growls ;
On quivering wing the famisht vulture screams,
Dips his dry beak, and sweeps the gushing streams ;
With foaming jaws, beneath, and sanguine tongue,
Laps the lean wolf, and pants, and runs along ;

Stern stalks the lion, on the rustling
Hears the dread snake, and trembles
Quick darts the scaly monster o'er th
Fold after fold, his undulating train ;
And bending o'er the lake his crested
Starts at the crocodile that gapes bek



POISON TREE.

WHERE seas of glass with gay reflection smile
Round the green coast of Java's palmy isle ;
A spacious plain extends its upland scene,
Rocks rise on rocks, and fountains gush between ;
Soft zephyrs blow, eternal summers reign,
And showers prolific bless the soil,—in vain !
No spicy nutmeg scents the vernal gales,
Nor towering plantain shades the mid-day vales ;
No grassy mantle hides the sable hills,
No flowery chaplet crowns the trickling rills ;
Nor tufted moss, nor leathery lichen creeps
In russet tapestry o'er the crumbling steeps.
No step retreating, on the sand imprest,
Invites the visit of a second guest ;
No reflux fin the unpeopled stream divides,
No revolant pinion cleaves the airy tides ;
Nor handed moles, nor beaked worms return,
That mining pass the irremeable bourn.—
Fierce in dread silence on the blasted heath
Fell UPAS sits, the HYDRA-TREE of death.

■

Lo ! from one root, the envenom'd soil below,
A thousand vegetative serpents grow ;
In shining rays the scaly monster spreads
O'er ten square leagues his far-diverging heads ;
Or in one trunk intwists his tangled form,
Looks o'er the clouds, and hisses in the storm.
Steep't in fell poison, as his sharp teeth part,
A thousand tongues in quick vibration dart ;
Snatch the proud eagle towering o'er the heath,
Or pounce the lion, as he stalks beneath ;
Or strew, as marshall'd hosts contend in vain,
With human skeletons the whiten'd plain.
Chain'd at his root two scion-demons dwell,
Breathe the faint hiss, or try the shriller yell ;
Rise, fluttering in the air on callow wings,
And aim at insect-prey their little stings.
So time's strong arms with sweeping scythe erase
Art's cumberous works, and empires, from their
base :
While each young hour its sickle fine employs,
And crops the buds of sweet domestic joys !

LADY SHOT IN BATTLE.

So stood Eliza on the wood-crown'd height,
O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight;
Sought with bold eye amid the bloody strife
Her dearer self the partner of her life;
From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,
And view'd his banner, or believed she view'd.
Pleased with the distant roar, with quicker tread
Fast by his hand one lisping boy she led;
And one fair girl amid the loud alarm
Slept on her kerchief, cradled by her arm;
While round her brows bright beams of honor
dart,

And love's warm eddies circle round her heart.
Near and more near the intrepid beauty prest,
Saw through the driving smoke his dancing crest;
Saw on his helm, her virgin-hands inwove,
Bright stars of gold, and mystic knots of love;
Heard the exulting shout, "they run! they run!"
"Great God!" she cried, "he's safe! the battle's
won!"

A ball now hisses through the airy tides,
(Some fury wing'd it, and some demon guides!)
Parts the fine locks her graceful head that deck,
Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck;
The red stream, issuing from her azure veins,
Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains.—
“ Ah me!” she cried, and, sinking on the ground,
Kist her dear babes, regardless of the wound;
“ Oh, cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn!
Wait, gushing life, oh, wait my love's return!
Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from
far!

The angel, pity, shuns the walks of war!
Oh, spare, ye war-hounds, spare their tender age!
On me, on me,” she cried, “ exhaust your rage!”
Then with weak arms her weeping babes caress,
And sighing, hid them in her blood-stain'd vest.
From tent to tent the impatient warrior flies,
Fear in his heart, and frenzy in his eyes;
Eliza's name along the camp he calls,
Eliza echoes through the canvas walls;
Quick through the murmuring gloom his footsteps
tread
O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead,
Vault o'er the plain, and in the tangled wood,
Lo! dead Eliza weltering in her blood!

Soon hears his listening son the welcome sounds,
With open arms and sparkling eyes he bounds ;
“ Speak low,” he cries, and gives his little hand,
“ Eliza sleeps upon the dew-cold sand ;
Poor weeping babe with bloody fingers prest,
And tried with pouting lips her milkless breast ;
Alas ! we both with cold and hunger quake—
Why do you weep?—mamma will soon awake.”
“ She’ll wake no more !” the hopeless mourner
cried,
Upturn’d his eyes, and claspt his hands, and sigh’d ;
Stretcht on the ground awhile intranced he lay,
And prest warm kisses on the lifeless clay ;
And then upsprung with wild convulsive start,
And all the father kindled in his heart ;
“ Oh, heavens,” he cried, “ my first rash vow for-
give !
These bind to earth, for these I pray to live !”
Round his chill babes he wrapt his crimson vest,
And claspt them sobbing to his aching breast,

PYTHIAN PRIESTESS.

Avaunt ye vulgar ! from her sacred grove
With maniac step the pythian LAURA moves
Full of the god her laboring bosom sighs,
Foam on her lips, and fury in her eyes,
Strong wreath her limbs, her wild dishevelled
Starts from her laurel-wreath, and swims in
While *twenty* priests the gorgeous shrine surround
Cinctured with ephods, and with garlands crown'd
Contending hosts and trembling nations wait
The firm immutable behests of fate ;
She speaks in thunder from her golden throne
With words *unwill'd*, and wisdom not her own

LAOCOON.

Two harlot-nymphs, the fair *CUSCUTAS*, please
With labor'd negligence, and studied ease ;
In the meek garb of modest worth disguised,
The eye averted, and the smile chastised,
With sly approach they spread their dangerous
charms,

And round their victim wind their wiry arms.
So by Scamander when LAOCOON stood,
Where Troy's proud turrets glitter'd in the flood,
Raised high his arm, and with prophetic call,
To shrinking realms announced her fated fall ;
Whirl'd his fierce spear with more than mortal
force,

And pierced the thick ribs of the echoing horse ;
Two serpent-forms incumbent on the main,
Lashing the white waves with redundant train,

Archt their blue necks, and shook
crests,

And plough'd their foamy way
breasts ;

Then, darting fierce amid the affrig

Roll'd their red eyes, and shot their

Two daring youths to guard the ho

Thwart their dread progress, and p

Round sire and sons the scaly mons

Ring above ring, in many a tangle

Close and more close their writhing

And fix with foamy teeth the enver

With brow upturn'd to heaven, the

In silent agony sustains their rage

While each fond youth, in vain, with

Bends on the tortured sire his dyin

MOSES IN THE RUSHES.

WHERE vast Ontario rolls his brineless tides,
And feeds the trackless forests on his sides,
Fair CASSIA, trembling, hears the howling woods,
And trusts her tawny children to the floods.
Cinctured with gold, while *ten* fond brothers stand,
And guard the beauty on her native land ;
Soft breathes the gale, the current gently moves,
And bears to Norway's coasts her infant-loves.
So the sad mother, at the noon of night,
From bloody Memphis stole her silent flight ;
Wrapt her dear babe beneath her folded vest,
And claspt the treasure to her throbbing breast,
With soothing whispers hush'd its feeble cry,
Prest the soft kiss, and breathed the secret sigh.
With dauntless step she seeks the winding shore
Hears unappall'd the glimmering torrents roar ;
With paper-flags a floating cradle weaves,
And hides the smiling boy in lotus-leaves ;

Gives her white bosom to his eager lips,
The salt tears mingling with the milk he sip
Waits on the reed-crown'd brink with pious
And trusts the scaly monsters of the Nile.—
Erewhile majestic from his lone abode,
Embassador of heaven, the prophet trod ;
Wrencht the red scourge from proud oppress
 hands,
And broke, curst slavery ! thy iron bands,



AFRICAN SLAVERY.

HARK ! heard ye not that piercing cry,
Which shook the waves, and rent the sky ?—

E'en now, e'en now, on yonder western shores,
Weeps pale despair, and writhing anguish roars ;
E'en now in Afric's groves with hideous yell
Fierce SLAVERY stalks, and slips the dogs of hell ;
From vale to vale the gathering cries rebound,
And sable nations tremble at the sound !——
YE BANDS OF SENATORS ! whose suffrage sways
Britannia's realms, whom either Ind obeys ;
Who right the injured, and reward the brave,
Stretch your strong arm, for ye have power to save !
Throned in the vaulted heart, his dread resort,
Inexorable CONSCIENCE holds his court ;
With still small voice the plots of guilt alarms,
Bears his maskt brow, his lifted hand disarms ;

But, wrapt in night with terrors all his own,
He speaks in thunder, when the deed is done.
Hear him, ye senates ! hear this truth sublime,
" He, who allows oppression, shares the crime."

" No radiant pearl, which crested fortune wears
No gem, that twinkling hangs from beauty's ear
Not the bright stars, which night's blue arch adorns
Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre as the tear that flows
Down virtue's manly cheek for others' woes."



PROMETHEUS.

So when PROMETHEUS braved the thunderer's ire,
Stole from his blazing throne ethereal fire,
And, lanter'd in his breast, from realms of day
Bore the bright treasure to his man of clay :—
High on cold Caucasus by VULCAN bound,
The lean impatient vulture fluttering round,
His writhing limbs in vain he twists and strains
To break or loose the adamantine chains.
The gluttonous bird, exulting in his pangs,
Tears his swoln liver with remorseless fangs.

THE THREAD OF LIFE.

So when with light and shade, concordant strife
Stern CLOTHO weaves the checker'd thread of life
Hour after hour the growing line extends,
The cradle and the coffin bound its ends ;
Soft cords of silk the whirling spoles reveal,
If smiling fortune turn the giddy wheel;
But if sweet love with baby-fingers twines,
And wets with dewy lips the lengthening line
Skein after skein celestial tints unfold,
And all the silken tissue shines with gold.

MAID OF NIGHT AND FAIRIES.

NYMPH ! not for thee the radiant day returns,
Nymph ! not for thee the golden solstice burns,
Refulgent CEREA !—at the dusky hour
She seeks with pensive step the mountain-bower,
Bright as the blush of rising morn, and warms
The dull cold eye of midnight with her charms.
There to the skies she lifts her pencil'd brows,
Opes her fair lips, and breathes her virgin vows ;
Eyes the white zenith ; counts the suns that roll
Their distant fires, and blaze around the pole ;
Or marks where Jove directs his glittering car
O'er heaven's blue vault,—herself a brighter star.
There as soft zephyrs sweep with pausing airs
Thy snowy neck, and part thy shadowy hairs,
Sweet maid of night ! to Cynthia's sober beams
Glow thy warm cheek, thy polisht bosom gleams,
In crowds around thee gaze the admiring swains,
And guard in silence the enchanted plains :

Drop the still tear, or breathe the imp
And drink inebriate rapture from thin
Thus, when old Needwood's hoary sc
Paints with blue shadow, and with mil
Where MUNDY pour'd, the listening ny
Loud to the echoing vales his parting
With measured step the fairy sovereig
Shakes her high plume, and glitters o'
Round each green holly leads her spot
And little footsteps mark the circled p
Each haunted rill with silver voices rin
And night's sweet bird in livelier accen



THE FIERY FURNACE.

So when thy king, Assyria, fierce and proud,
Three human victims to his idol vow'd ;
Rear'd a vast pyre before the golden shrine
Of sulphurous coal, and pitch-exsuding pine ;
Loud roar the flames, the iron nostrils breathe,
And the huge bellows pant and heave beneath ;
Bright and more bright the blazing deluge flows,
And, white with sevenfold heat, the furnace glows.
And now the monarch fixt with dread surprise
Deep in the burning vault his dazzled eyes.
" Lo ! three unbound amid the frightful glare,
Unscorcht their sandels, and unsinged their hair !
And now a fourth with seraph-beauty bright
Descends, accosts them, and outshines the light !
Fierce flames innocuous, as they step, retire !
And slow they move amid a world of fire !"
He spoke,—to heaven his arms repentant spread,
And, kneeling, bow'd his gem-incircled head.

MERMAID.

AMPHIBIOUS nymph, from Nile's prolific bed,
Emerging TRAPA lifts her pearly head ;
Fair glows her virgin cheek and modest breast,
A panoply of scales deforms the rest ;
Her quivering fins and panting gills she hides,
But spreads her silver arms upon the tides ;
Slow as she sails, her ivory neck she laves,
And shakes her golden tresses o'er the waves ;
Charm'd round the nymph, in circling gambols glide
Four nereid-forms, or shoot along the tide ;
Now all as one they rise with frolic spring,
And beat the wondering air on humid wing ;
Now all descending plunge beneath the main,
And lash the foam with undulating train ;
Above, below, they wheel, retreat, advance,
In air and ocean weave the mazy dance ;
Bow their quick heads, and point their diamond eyes
And twinkle to the sun with ever-changing dyes.

SONG TO ECHO.

Two sister-nymphs, the fair AVENAS, lead,
Their fleecy squadrons on the lawns of Tweed ;
Pass with light step his wave-worn banks along,
And wake his echoes with their silver tongue ;
Or touch the reed, as gentle love inspires,
In notes accordant to their chaste desires.

I.

“ Sweet echo ! sleeps thy vocal shell,
Where this high arch o’erhangs the dell ;
While Tweed with sun-reflecting streams
Checkers thy rocks with dancing beams ?—

II.

Here may no clamors harsh intrude,
No brawling hound or clarion rude ;
Here no fell beast of midnight prowl,
And teach thy tortured cliffs to howl !

III.

Be thine to pour these vales along
Some artless shepherd's evening song ;
While night's sweet bird, from yon high
Reponsive, listens to his lay.

IV.

And if, like me, some love-lorn maid
Should sing her sorrows to thy shade,
Oh, sooth her breast, ye rocks around !
With softest sympathy of sound."

From ozier bowers the brooding halcyons
The swans pursuing cleave the glassy dee
On hovering wings the wondering reed-lark
And silent bitterns listen to the lay.—
Three shepherd-swains beneath the beeches
Twine rival garlands for the tuncful maids
On each smooth bark the mystic love-knot
Or on white sands inscribe the favor'd name
Green swells the beech, the widening knots
So spread the tender growths of living love
Wave follows wave, the letter'd lines decay
So love's soft forms uncultured melt away

CHILDREN AT PLAY.

SPRING ! with thy own sweet smile and tuneful
tongue,
Delighted BELLIS calls her infant throng.
Each on his reed astride, the cherub-train
Watch her kind looks, and circle o'er the plain ;
Now with young wonder touch the sliding snail,
Admire his eye-tipt horns, and painted mail ;
Chase with quick step, and eager arms outspread,
The pausing butterfly from mead to mead ;
Or twine green oziars with the fragrant gale,
'The azure harebel, and the primrose pale,
Join hand in hand, and in procession gay
Adorn with votive wreaths the shrine of May.
So moves the goddess to the Idalian groves,
And leads her gold-hair'd family of loves.
These, from the flaming furnace, strong and bold,
Pour the red steel in many a sandy mould ;

On tinkling anvils (with Vulcania
Turn with hot tongs, and forge t
The barbed head on whirling jasp
And dip the point in poison for th
Each polisht shaft with snow-whi
Or strain the bow reluctant to its
Those on light pinion twine with
Or stretch from bough to bough t
Scare the dark beetle, as he whe
Or catch in silken nets the gilded
Call the young zephyrs to their fr
And stay with kisses sweet the ve

HOT SPRINGS.

WHERE, as proud Masson rises rude and bleak,
And with mishapen turrets crests the peak,
Old Matlock gapes with marble jaws, beneath,
And o'er scar'd Derwent bends his flinty teeth;
Deep in wide caves below the dangerous soil
Blue sulphurs flame, imprison'd waters boil.
Impetuous steams in spiral columns rise
Through rifted rocks, impatient for the skies;
Or o'er bright seas of bubbling lavas blow,
As heave and toss the billowy fires below;
Condensed on high, in wandering rills they glide
From Masson's dome, and burst his sparry side;
Round his grey towers, and down his fringed walls,
From cliff to cliff, the liquid treasure falls;
In beds of stalactite, bright ores among,
O'er corals, shells, and crystals, winds along;
Crusts the green mosses, and the tangled wood,
And sparkling plunges to its parent flood.

O'er the warm wave a smiling youth presides,
Attunes its murmurs, its meanders' guides,
(The blooming *Fucus*) in her sparry coves
To amorous echo sings his *secret* loves,
Bathes his fair forehead in the misty stream,
And with sweet breath perfumes the rising steam.
So, erst, an angel o'er Bethesda's springs,
Each morn descending, shook his dewy wings;
And as his bright translucent form he laves,
Salubrious powers enrich the troubled waves.



MOUNTAIN NYMPH.

WHERE Andes, crested with volcanic beams,
Sheds a long line of light on Plata's streams ;
Opes all his springs, unlocks his golden caves,
And feels and freights the immeasurable waves ;
Delighted *ocyma* at twilight hours
Calls her light car, and leaves the sultry bowers ;
Love's rising ray, and youth's seductive dye,
Bloom'd on her cheek, and brighten'd in her eye ;
Chaste, pure, and white, a zone of silver graced
Her tender breast, as white, as pure, as chaste ;
By *four* fond swains, in playful circles drawn,
On glowing wheels she tracks the moon-bright lawn,
Mounts the rude cliff, unveils her blushing charms,
And calls the panting zephyrs to her arms.
Emerged from ocean springs the vaporous air,
Bathes her light limbs, uncurls her amber hair,
Incrusts her beamy form with films saline,
And beauty blazes through the crystal shrine.

So with pellucid studs the ice-flower gems
Her rimy foliage, and her candied stems.
So from his glassy horns, and pearly eyes,
The diamond-beetle darts a thousand dyes ;
Mounts with enamel'd wings the vesper gale,
And wheeling shines in adamantine mail.



LOT'S WIFE.

THUS when loud thunders o'er Gomorrah burst,
And heaving earthquakes shook his realms accurst,
An angel-guest led forth the trembling fair
With shadowy hand, and warn'd the guiltless pair.
"Haste from these lands of sin, ye righteous! fly,
Speed the quick step, nor turn the lingering eye!"
Such the command, as fabling bards recite,
When Orpheus charm'd the grisly king of night;
Sooth'd the pale phantoms with his plaintive lay,
And led the fair assurgent into day.—
Wide yawn'd the earth, the fiery tempest flash'd,
And towns and towers in one vast ruin crasht;—
Onward they move,—loud horror roars behind,
And shrieks of anguish bellow in the wind.
With many a sob, amid a thousand fears,
The beauteous wanderer pours her gushing tears;
Each soft connection rends her troubled breast,—
She turns, unconscious of the stern behest!—

“ I faint !—I fall !—ah, me—sensations chill
Shoot through my bones, my shuddering bosom thrill!
I freeze ! I freeze ! just heaven regards my fault,
Numbs my cold limbs, and hardens into salt !
Not yet, not yet, your dying love resign !—
This last, last kiss receive !—no longer thine !—”
She said, and ceased,—her stiffen’d form he prest,
And strain’d the briny column to his breast ;
Printed with quivering lips the lifeless snow,
And wept, and gazed the monument of woe.
So when Æneas through the flames of Troy
Bore his pale sire, and led his lovely boy,
With loitering step the fair Creusa stay’d,
And death involved her in eternal shade.—
Oft the lone pilgrim, that his road forsakes,
Marks the wide ruins, and the sulphur’d lakes ;
On mouldering piles amid asphaltic mud,
Hears the hoarse bittern, where Gomorrah stood ;
Recals the unhappy pair with lifted eye,
Leans on the chrystal tomb, and breathes the silent
sigh.

DEJANIRA IN THE LION'S SKIN.

WITH net-wove sash and glittering gorget drest,
And scarlet robe lapell'd upon her breast,
Stern ARA frowns, the measured march assumes,
Trails her long lance, and nods her shadowy plumes ;
While love's soft beams illumæ her treacherous eyes,
And beauty lightens through the thin disguise.
So erst, when HERCULES, untamed by toil,
Own'd the soft power of DEJANIRA's smile ;—
His lion-spoils the laughing fair demands,
And gives the distaff to his awkward hands ;
O'er her white neck the bristly mane she throws,
And binds the gaping whiskers on her brows ;
Plaits round her slender waist the shaggy vest,
And clasps the velvet paws across her breast.
Next with soft hands the knotted club she rears,
Heaves up from earth, and on her shoulder bears :
Onward with loftier step the beauty treads,
And trails the brinded ermine o'er the meads ;
Wolves, bears and pards forsake the affrighted groves,
And grinning satyrs tremble as she moves.

NYMPHS IN THE TORRID ZONE.

WHEN from his golden urn the solstice pours
O'er Afric's sable sons the sultry hours ;
When not a gale flits o'er her tawny hills,
Save where the dry harmattan breathes and kills ;
When stretcht in dust her gaping panthers lie,
And writhed in foamy folds her serpents die ;
Indignant Atlas mourns his leafless woods,
And Gambia trembles for his sinking floods ;
Contagion stalks along the briny sand,
And ocean rolls his sickening shoals to land.—
Fair CHUNDA smiles amid the burning waste,
Her brow unturban'd, and her zone unbraced ;
Ten brother-youths with light umbrella's shade,
Or fan with busy hands the panting maid ;
Loose wave her locks, disclosing as they break,
The rising bosom and averted cheek ;
Claspt round her ivory neck with studs of gold
Flows her thin vest in many a gauzy fold ;
O'er her light limbs the dim transparence plays ;
And the fair form, it seems to hide, betrays.

NIGHTINGALE AND ROSE.

CARYO's sweet smile DIANTHUS proud admires,
And gazing burns with unallow'd desires ;
With sighs and sorrows her compassion moves,
And wins the damsel to illicit loves !
The monster offspring heirs the father's pride,
Maskt in the daffodil beauties of the bride.
So, when the nightingale in eastern bowers
On quivering pinion wooes the queen of flowers ;
Inhales her fragrance, as he hangs in air,
And melts with melody the blushing fair ;
Half-rose, half-bird, a beauteous monster springs,
Waves his thin leaves, and claps his glossy wings ;
Long horrent thorns his mossy legs surround,
And tendril-talons root him to the ground ;
Green films of rind his wrinkled neck o'erspread,
And crimson petals crest his curled head ;
Soft-warbling beaks in each bright blossom move,
And vocal rosebuds thrill the enchanted grove !—

Admiring evening stays her beamy star,
And still night listens from his ebon car ;
While on white wings descending houries throng,
And drink the floods of odor and of song.



MAGIC OF BEAUTY AND MUSIC.

COLD from a thousand rocks, where Ganges leads
The gushing waters to his sultry meads;
By moon-crown'd mosques with gay reflections' glides,
And vast pagodas trembling on his sides;
With sweet loquacity NELUMBO sails;
Shouts to his shores, and parleys with his gales;
Invokes his echoes, as she moves along;
And thrills his rippling surges with her song—
As round the nymph her listening lovers play,
And guard the beauty on her watery way;
Charm'd on the brink relenting tygers' gaze,
And pausing buffaloes forget to graze;
Admiring elephants forsake their woods,
Stretch their wide ears, and wade into the floods;
In silent herds the wondering sea-calves lave,
Or nod their slimy foreheads o'er the wave;
Poised on still wing attentive vultures sweep,
And winking crocodiles are hull'd to sleep.

PALACE OF THE GNOMES.

DEEP, in wide caverns and their shadowy ailes,
Daughter of earth, the chaste TRUFFELIA smiles;
On silvery beds, of soft asbestos wove,
Meets her gnome-husband, and avows her love.—
High o'er her couch impending diamonds blaze,
And branching gold the crystal roof inlays;
With verdant light the modest emeralds glow,
Blue sapphires glare, and rubies blush, *below*;
Light piers of lazuli the dome surround,
And pictured mochoes tessellate the ground;
In glittering threads along reflective walls
The warm rill murmuring, twinkles as it falls;
Now sink the eolian strings, and now they swell,
And echoes woo in every vaulted cell;
While on white wings delighted cupids play,
Shake their bright lamps, and shed celestial day.

LAPLAND SCENE.

WHERE leads the northern star his lucid train
High o'er the snow-clad earth, and icy main,
With milky light the white horizon streams,
And to the moon each sparkling mountain gleams.
Slow o'er the printed snows with silent walk
Huge shaggy forms across the twilight stalk ;
And ever and anon with hideous sound
Burst the thick ribs of ice, and thunder round.—
There, as old winter flaps his hoary wing,
And lingering leaves his empire to the spring,
Pierced with quick shafts of silver-shooting light
Fly in dark troops the dazzled imps of night.—
“ Awake, my love !” enamor'd MUSCHUS cries,
Stretch thy fair limbs, refulgent maid ! arise ;
Ope thy sweet eye-lids to the rising ray,
And hail with ruby lips returning day.
Down the white hills dissolving torrents pour,
Green springs the turf, and purple blows the flower ;

His torpid wing the rail exulting
Mounts the soft gales, and wants
Rise, let us mark how bloom the
And mid the banks of roses *hide*



VENTUROUS LOVERS.

NIGHT's tinsel beams on smooth Lock-Iomond
dance,

Impatient ÆGA views the bright expanse ;
In vain her eyes the passing floods explore,
Wave after wave rolls freightless to the shore.—
Now dim amid the distant foam she spies
A rising speck,—“tis he ! tis he !” she cries ;
As with firm arms he beats the streams aside,
And cleaves with rising chest the tossing tide,
With bended knee she prints the humid sands,
Up-turns her glistening eyes, and spreads her hands ;
“Tis he, tis he ;—my lord, my life, my love !
Slumber, ye winds ; ye billows, cease to move !
Beneath his arms your buoyant plumage spread,
Ye swans ! ye halcyons ! hover round his head !”—
With eager step the boiling surf she braves,
And meets her reflux lover in the waves ;
Loose o'er the flood her azure mantle swims,
And the clear stream betrays her snowy limbs.—

So on her sea-girt tower fair
At parting day, and markt the
While high in air, the glimmer
Shone the bright lamp, the pil
With robe outspread the wave
She kneels, and guards it from
Breathes to her goddess all he
Her bold LEANDER o'er the du
Wrings his wet hair, his briny
And clasps her panting lover i

SYLPH LOVER.

CLOSED in an azure fig, by fairy spells,
Bosom'd in down, fair CAPRI-FICA dwells ;—
So sleeps in silence the curculio, shut
In the dark chambers of the cavern'd nut,
Erodes with ivory beak the vaulted shell,
And quits, on filmy wings, its narrow cell,
So the pleased linnet, in the moss-wove nest,
Waked into life bepeath its parent's breast,
Chirps in the gaping shell, bursts forth ere long,
Shakes its new plumes, and tries its tender song.—
And now the talisman she strikes, that charms
Her husband-sylph,—and calls him to her arms.—
Quick, the light gnat her airy lord bestrides,
With cobweb reins the flying courser guides,
From crystal steeps of viewless ether springs,
Cleaves the soft air on still expanded wings ;
Darts like a sun-beam o'er the boundless wave,
And seeks the beauty in her secret cave.

So with quick impulse thro
Shoots the electric air its s
So turns the impatient nee
Though mountains rise bet



MARINE CAVE.

WHERE round the Orcades white torrents roar,
Scooping with ceaseless rage the incumbent shore,
Wide o'er the deep a dusky cavern bends
Its marble arms, and high in air impends ;
Basaltic piers the ponderous roof sustain,
And steep their massy sandals in the main ;
Round the dim walls, and through the whispering
 ailes,
Hoarse breathes the wind, the glittering water boils.
Here the charm'd BYSSUS, with his blooming bride,
Spreads his green sails, and braves the foaming tide ;
The star of Venus gilds the twilight wave,
And lights her votaries to the *secret* cave ;
Light Cupids flutter round the nuptial bed,
And each coy sea-maid hides her blushing head.

ASSOCIATE LO

A *HUNDRED* virgins join a *hu*
And fond *ADONIS* leads the spr
Pair after pair, along his sacred
To Hymen's fane the bright pr
Each smiling youth a myrtle g
And wreaths of roses veil the b
Light joys on twinkling feet att
Weave the gay dance, or raise
Thick, as they pass, exulting C
Promiscuous arrows from the s
On wings of gossamer soft whi
And the sly glance steals side-l
As round his shrine the gaudy
And seal with muttering lips th
Licentious Hymen joins their r
And loosely twines the meretric
Thus where pleased *VENUS*, in
Sheds all her smiles on *Otaheit*
Wide o'er the isle her silken ne
And the loves laugh at all but n

PROTEUS LOVER.

WHERE cool'd by rills, and curtain'd round b
woods,

Slopes the green dell to meet the briny floods,
The sparkling noon-beams trembling on the tide,
The PROTEUS-LOVER wooes his playful bride,
To win the fair he tries a thousand forms,
Basks on the sands, or gambols in the storms.
A dolphin now, his scaly sides he laves,
And bears the sportive damsel on the waves ;
She strikes the cymbal as he moves along,
And wondering ocean listens to the song.
And now a spotted pard the lover stalks,
Plays round her steps, and guards her favor'd walk
As with white teeth he prints her hand, carest,
And lays his velvet paw upon her breast,
O'er his round face her snowy fingers strain
The silken knots, and fit the ribbon-rein.

And now a swan, he spreads his plummy sails,
And proudly glides before the fanning gales ;
Pleased on the flowery brink, with graceful hand,
She waves her floating lover to the land ;
Bright shines his sinuous neck, with crimson beak
He prints fond kisses on her glowing cheek,
Spreads his broad wings, elates his ebon crest,
And clasps the beauty to his downy breast.



GOLDEN AGE.

No more shall hoary Boreas, issuing forth
With Eurus, lead the tempest of the north ;
Rime the pale dawn, or veil'd in flaky showers,
Chill the sweet bosoms of the smiling hours.
By whispering Auster waked shall Zephyr rise,
Meet with soft kiss, and mingle in the skies,
Fan the gay floret, bend the yellow ear,
And rock the uncurtain'd cradle of the year ;
Autumn and spring in lively union blend,
And from the skies the golden age descend.

RIVER NILE.

SAILING in air, when dark *Monsoon* inshore
His tropic mountains in a night of clouds ;
Or drawn by whirlwinds from the line return
And showers o'er Afric all his thousand urn
High o'er his head the beams of SIRIUS glow,
And, dog of Nile, ANUBIS, barks below.
Nymphs ! you from cliff to cliff attendant guid
In headlong cataracts the impetuous tide ;
Or lead o'er wastes of Abyssinian sands
The bright expanse to Egypt's shower-less land

MEDICINAL SPRINGS.

WHERE with soft fires in unextinguisht urns,
Caldron'd in rock, innocuous lava burns ;
On the bright lake *your* gelid hands distil
In pearly showers the parsimonious rill ;
And, as aloft the curling vapors rise
Through the cleft roof, ambitious for the skies,
In vaulted hills condense the tepid steams,
And pour to *health* the medicated streams.
So in green vales, amid her mountains bleak,
BUXTONIA smiles, the goddess-nymph of Peak ;
Deep in warm waves, and pebbly baths she dwells,
And calls HYGEIA to her sainted wells.

STEEL.

HAIL, adamantine *steel* ! magnetic lord !
King of the prow, the plowshare and the sword !
True to the pole, by thee the pilot guides
His steady helm amid the struggling tides,
Braves with broad sail the immesurable sea,
Cleaves the dark air, and asks no star but thee.
By thee the ploughshare rends the matted plain,
Inhumes in level rows the living grain ;
Intrusive forests quit the cultured ground,
And Ceres laughs with golden fillets crown'd.—
O'er restless realms when scowling discord flings
Her snakes, and loud the din of battle rings ;
Expiring strength, and vanquisht courage feel
Thy arm resistless, adamantine *steel* !

SYMPATHY.

So should young SYMPATHY, in female form,
Climb the tall rock, spectatress of the storm ;
Life's sinking wrecks with secret sighs deplore,
And bleed for others' woes, herself on shore ;
To friendless virtue, gasping on the strand,
Bare her warm heart, her virgin arms expand,
Charm with kind looks, with tender accents cheer,
And pour the sweet consolatory tear ;
Grief's cureless wounds with lenient balms assuage,
Or prop with firmer staff the steps of age ;
The lifted arm of mute despair arrest,
And snatch the dagger pointed at his breast ;
Or lull to slumber envy's haggard mien,
And rob her quiver'd shafts with hand unseen —

Sound *nymphs of* HELICON ! the trump of fame.
And teach hibernian echoes JONES's* name ;
And round her polisht brow the civic bay,
And drag the fair philanthropist to day.—
So from secluded springs, and secret caves,
Her Liffy pours his bright meandering waves,
Cools the parcht vale, the sultry meads divides,
And towns and temples star his shadowy sides!

* A young lady who devotes a great part of an ample fortune to well-chosen acts of secret charity.

HANNIBAL.

So when proud Rome the Afric warrior braved,
And high on Alps his crimson banner waved ;
While rocks on rocks their beetling brows oppose
With piny forests, and unfathom'd snows ;
Onward he marcht, to Latium's velvet ground,
With fires and acids burst the obdurate bound,
Wide o'er the weeping vales destruction hurl'd,
And shook the rising empire of the world,

ST. PETER IN PRISON.

Twas when an angel-form, in light array'd,
Like HOWARD pierced the prison's noisome shade;
Where chain'd to earth, with eyes to heaven upturn
The kneeling saint in holy anguish mourn'd;—
Ray'd from his lucid vest; and halo'd brow,
O'er the dark roof celestial lustres glow,
“PETER, arise!” with cheering voice he calls,
And sounds seraphic echo round the walls;
Locks, bolts, and chains his potent touch obey,
And pleased, he leads the exulting sage to day.

STEAM ENGINE.

NYMPHS ! you erewhile on simmering caldrons
play'd,
And call'd delighted *Savery* to your aid ;
Bade round the youth explosive *steam* aspire,
In gathering clouds, and wing'd the wave with fire ;
Bade with cold streams the quick expansion stop,
And sunk the immense of vapor to a drop.—
Prest by the ponderous air the piston falls
Resistless, sliding through its iron walls ;
Quick moves the balanced beam of giant-birth,
Wields his large limbs, and, nodding, shakes the
earth.
The giant-power from earth's remotest caves
Lifts with strong arm her dark reluctant waves ;
Each cavern'd rock, and hidden den explores,
Drags her dark coals, and digs her shining ores.—
Next, in close cells of ribbed oak confin'd,
Gale after gale, he crouds the strugglingwind ;

The imprison'd storms through brazen nostrils
Fan the white flame, and fuse the sparkling ore
Here high in air the rising stream he pours
To clay-built cisterns, or to lead-lined towers ;
Fresh through a thousand pipes the wave distils
And thirsty cities drink the exuberant rills.
There the vast mill-stone, with inebriate whirl,
On trembling floors his forceful fingers twirl,
Whose flinty teeth the golden harvests grind,
Feast without blood ! and nourish human kind.
Now his hard hands on Mona's rifted crest,
Bosom'd in rock, her azure ores arrest ;
With iron lips his rapid rollers seize
The lengthening bars, in thin expansion squeeze
Descending screws with ponderous fly-wheels w
The tawney plates, the new medallions round ;
Hard dyes of steel the cupreous circles cramp,
And with quick fall his massy hammers stamp
Soon shall thy arm, *unconquer'd steam* ! afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car ;
Or on wide-waving wings expanded bear
The flying-chariot through the fields of air.
Fair crews triumphant, leaning from above,
Shall wave their fluttering kerchiefs as they move

r warrior bands alarm the gaping croud,
nd armies shrink beneath the shadowy cloud.



CONCLUSION.

HERE ceased the goddess,—o'er the silent str
Applauding zephyrs swept their fluttering wings
Enraptured sylphs arose in murmuring crowds
To air-wove canopies and pillowy clouds ;
Each gnome reluctant sought his earthy cell,
And each chill floret closed her velvet bell.
Then, on soft tiptoe, NIGHT approaching near
Hung o'er the tuneless lyre his sable ear ;
Gem'd with bright stars the still ethereal plain
And bade his nightingales repeat the strain.

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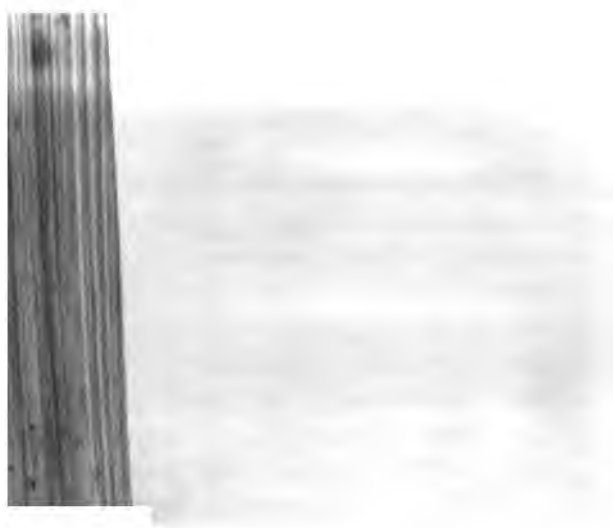
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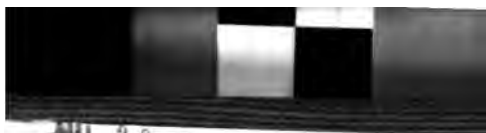
THE END.











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